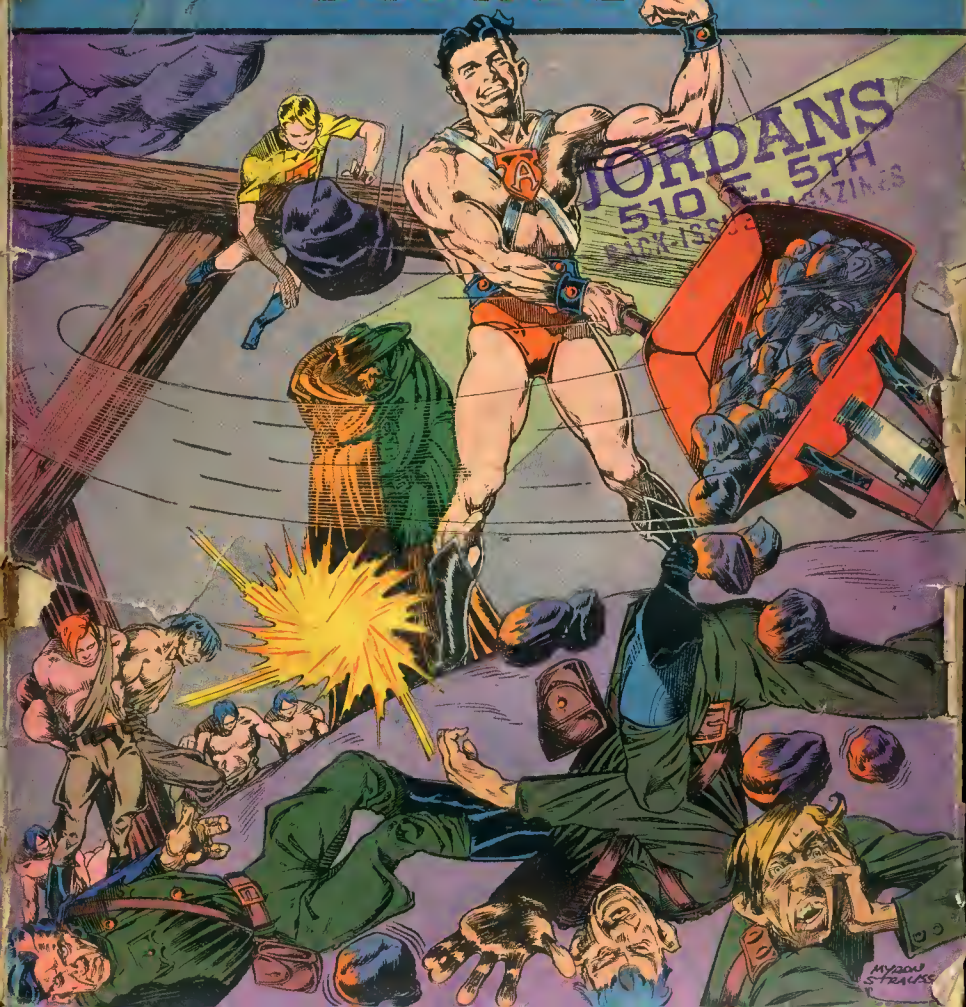


No. 24

OCT.
10¢

AMAZING-MAN COMICS





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

!! WANTED !!

Junior Editors

For AMAZING MAN COMICS

AS YOU might well imagine, Uncle Joe is quite a busy person these days—what with editing FIVE comic magazines for you boys and girls. Yes, Comic Corporation of America now publishes FIVE magazines: AMAZING MAN COMICS, THE ARROW, LIBERTY GUARDS (formerly called Liberty Scouts Comics), STARS AND STRIPES COMICS, and WORLD FAMOUS HEROES MAGAZINE—all available at your neighborhood newsdealer at 10c a copy.

NEEDLESS to state, I want our five publications to be the best and most interesting magazines for boys and girls on the market today—and to do this I need YOUR help!

HERE in my office in New York City I talk to a lot of artists and continuity writers, listening to their ideas for good stories for our magazines, helping them develop new features that will delight our readers—I read the occasional letters which some of you boys and girls are good enough to send me, telling me what you think of our magazines—I hold conferences with my assistant editors and the publisher—and then I go to work and prepare the next issue of our magazines.

HOWEVER, I need still more help if I am going to give you the kind of magazine you are really looking for—I need YOUR help. That's why I'm inviting YOU to become a Junior Editor of AMAZING MAN

COMICS—to help me make this magazine bigger and better than ever before!

WILL you help me? Yes? Well, here's what I'd like you to do: After you've finished reading the stories in this October issue, take a few minutes and figure out which stories you liked the best and which stories you didn't like. Then, write me a short letter, telling me which stories you liked the best and why you liked them—telling me which stories you want me to leave out of future issues, and why—and giving me your ideas on what you think we should feature in AMAZING MAN COMICS.

THE ten boys or girls who send in the most helpful, interesting and original letters to me before October 4th, 1941 will be appointed Junior Editors of AMAZING MAN COMICS, and each Junior Editor will receive a brand new one-dollar bill for his or her letter. Duplicate prizes in case of ties.

ILL be looking for your letter! Send it to me: Uncle Joe, c/o AMAZING MAN COMICS, 215 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.—before October 4th, 1941. I'll print the names of our Junior Editors as soon as possible after the contest closes. So mail your letter today—you may be selected as one of the ten Junior Editors of AMAZING MAN COMICS and be able to tell all your friends about it and show them your name in our magazine!

UNCLE JOE

AMAZING MAN

~ AND ~
TOMMY
THE BOY
WONDER

VULTURE

THE ONE AND ONLY AMAZING
MAN, AIDED BY TOMMY, THE
BOY WONDER, BATTLES AN
UNKNOWN CRIMINAL GENIUS
TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF
A HORRIBLE MENACE !!

A NETWORK OF SABOTEURS
HEADED BY A MYSTERIOUS
LEADER CALLED THE
VULTURE STRIKES AT
AMERICA'S DEFENSE
PROGRAM !!

HA, HA!
IT IS THE
WORK OF
THE VULTURE!

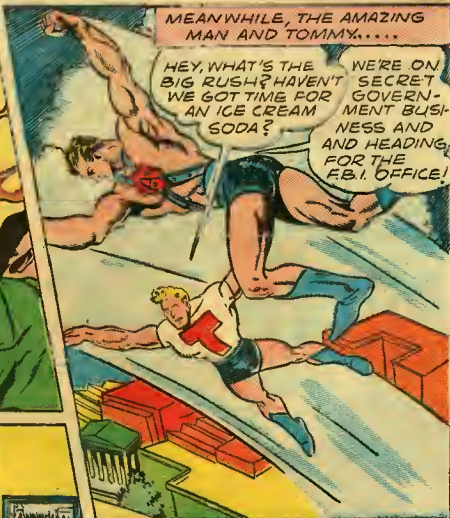
HUNDREDS OF
NEW ARMY PLANES
ARE DESTROYED
BY THIS TERRI-
BLE FIRE!

THAT
AIRPLANE
DROPPED
THESE!

THE VULTURE
STRUCK AGAIN!



HEH! HEH!
ANOTHER U.S. DRAFTEE
GOLDIER IN MY POWER!
NOW YOU, TOO, WILL WORK
FOR THE VULTURE...AND
FOR THE DESTRUCTION
OF AMERICA!



MEANWHILE, THE AMAZING
MAN AND TOMMY....

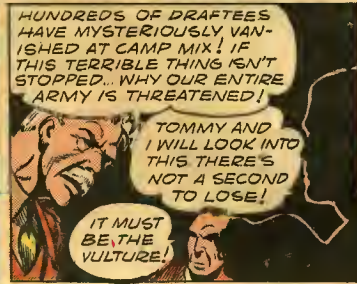
HEY, WHAT'S THE
BIG RUSH? HAVEN'T
WE GOT TIME FOR
AN ICE CREAM
SODA?

WE'RE ON
SECRET
GOVERN-
MENT BUS-
INESS AND
HEADING
FOR THE
F.B.I. OFFICE!



HERE WE
ARE READY
FOR ACTION!

IT'S THE
AMAZING MAN
AND TOMMY!



HUNDREDS OF DRAFTEES
HAVE MYSTERIOUSLY VAN-
ISHED AT CAMP MIX! IF
THIS TERRIBLE THING ISN'T
STOPPED... WHY OUR ENTIRE
ARMY IS THREATENED!

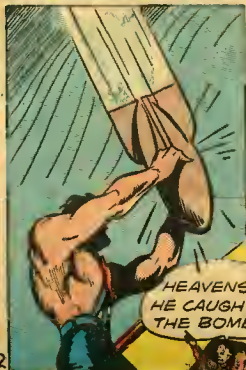
TOMMY AND
I WILL LOOK INTO
THIS THERE'S
NOT A SECOND
TO LOSE!

IT MUST
BE THE
VULTURE!

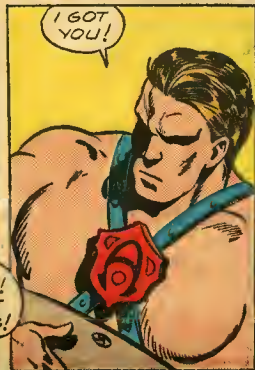


AH! THIS
WILL FIX THE
AMAZING
MAN!

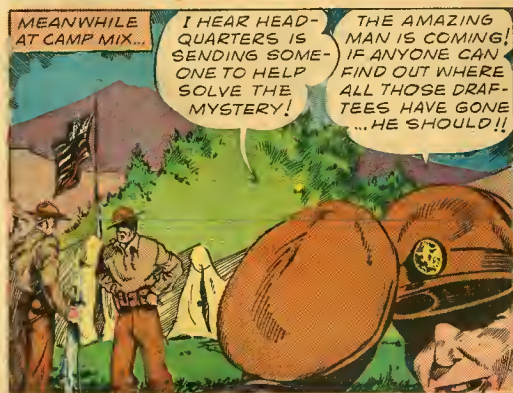
LOOK!
A BOMB!



HEAVENS!
HE CAUGHT
THE BOMB!



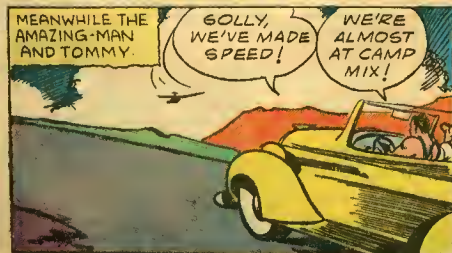
I GOT
YOU!

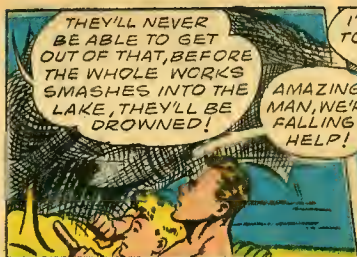




IN A TAVERN NEAR THE CAMP...

MORE STRONG DRAFTS, I CAN USE THEM!

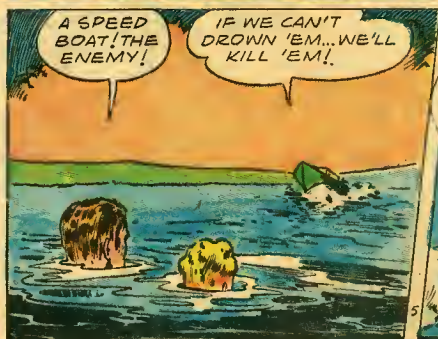
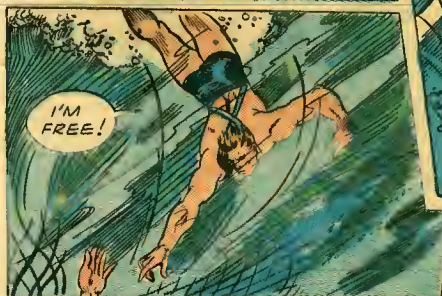
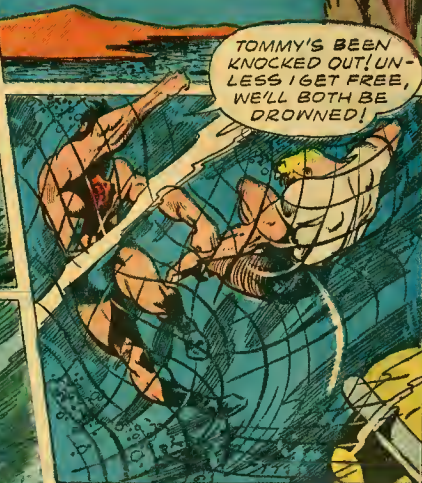
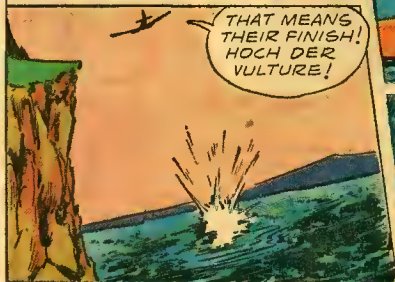
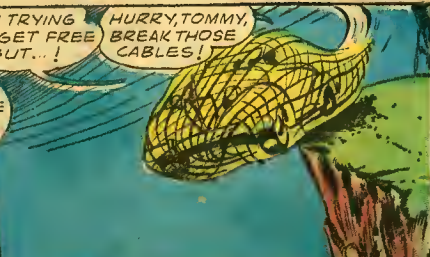


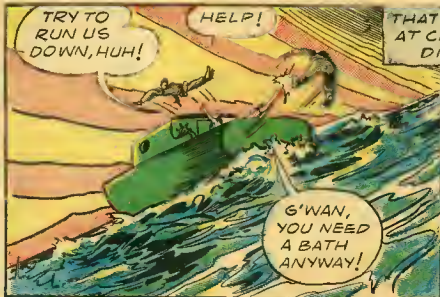


I'M TRYING TO GET FREE BUT...!

HURRY, TOMMY, BREAK THOSE CABLES!

AMAZING MAN, WE'RE FALLING! HELP!





TRY TO
RUN US
DOWN, HUH!

HELP!

THAT NIGHT
AT CAMP
DIX....

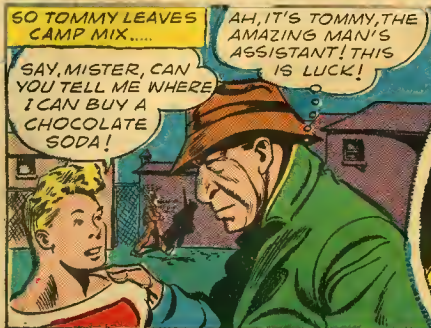
G'WAN,
YOU NEED
A BATH
ANYWAY!



THANK GOOD-
NESS YOU'RE
ARE HERE,
AMAZING MAN!
THE SITUATION
IS EVEN WORSE
TODAY, TWENTY
MORE DRAF-
TEES HAVE
VANISHED!

I'LL SNEAK OUT
AND GET A CHOCO-
LATE SODA, BOY,
I SURE NEED IT!

I'LL HAVE
TO WORK
FAST!



SO TOMMY LEAVES
CAMP MIX.....

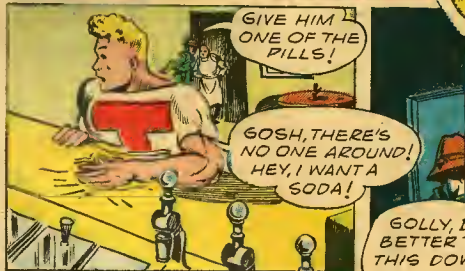
AH, IT'S TOMMY, THE
AMAZING MAN'S
ASSISTANT! THIS
IS LUCK!

SAY, MISTER, CAN
YOU TELL ME WHERE
I CAN BUY A
CHOCOLATE
SODA!



GO TO THE
TAVERN DOWN
THE ROAD! THEY
HAVE DELICIOUS
CHOCOLATE
SODAS!

THANKS,
MISTER!



GIVE HIM
ONE OF THE
PILLS!

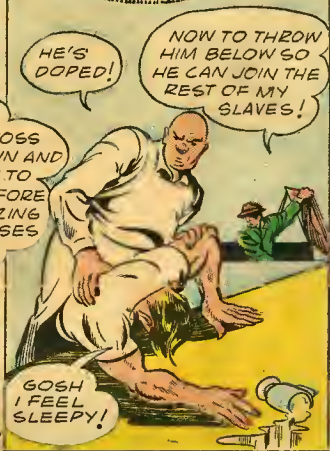
GOSH, THERE'S
NO ONE AROUND!
HEY, I WANT A
SODA!



HERE'S YOUR
SODA!... A VERY
SPECIAL SODA!

THANKS!

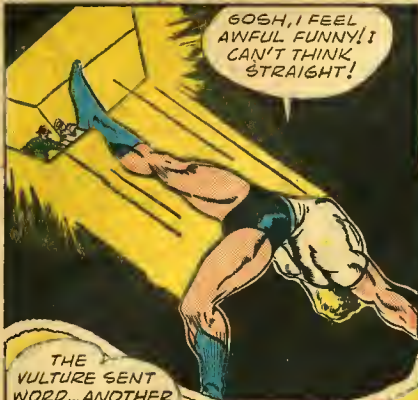
GOLLY, I
BETTER TOSS
THIS DOWN AND
GET BACK TO
CAMP BEFORE
THE AMAZING
MAN MISSES
ME!



HE'S
DOPED!

NOW TO THROW
HIM BELOW SO
HE CAN JOIN THE
REST OF MY
SLAVES!

GOSH
I FEEL
SLEEPY!



GOSH, I FEEL
AWFUL FUNNY!! I
CAN'T THINK
STRAIGHT!

THE
VULTURE SENT
WORD...ANOTHER
AMERICAN IS
COMING!

THIS ONE'S THE
AMAZING MAN'S
ASSISTANT!



HERE HE IS...!
THE VULTURE HIM-
SELF IS COMING
DOWN TO GIVE
HIM THE STAMP!

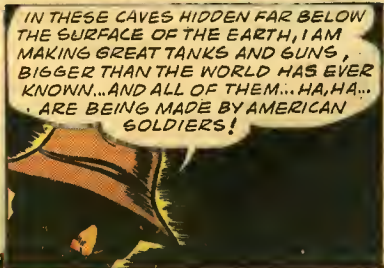


WHAT I HAVE IN MY
HAND IS AN HYPNOTIC
STAMP! ONCE IT IS
IMRESSED ON YOUR
CHEST, YOU WILL DO
EXACTLY WHAT I
TELL YOU TO DO!



WHAT'S
HAPPEN
TO ME!

HA! YOU ARE IN MY POWER.
YOU WILL WORK FOR ME LIKE
ALL THE AMERICAN DRAF-
TEES I HAVE KIDNAPPED.
LOOK!!

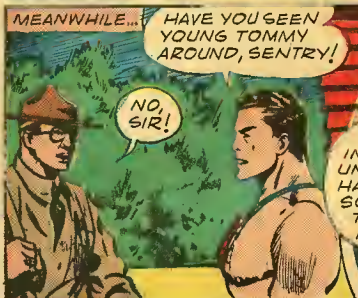


IN THESE CAVES HIDDEN FAR BELOW
THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH, I AM
MAKING GREAT TANKS AND GUNS,
BIGGER THAN THE WORLD HAS EVER
KNOWN...AND ALL OF THEM...HA, HA...
ARE BEING MADE BY AMERICAN
GOLDIERS!



MAKE HIM WORK!
AND IN A LITTLE WHILE
WE'LL PUT HIM IN THE
GANG DIGGING THE
TUNNELS TO NEW
YORK!

AS SOON AS THOSE
TUNNELS ARE FINISHED
TO NEW YORK, I WILL LEAD
MY TROOPS ALONG THEM!
WITHOUT WARNING, WE'LL
SUDDENLY APPEAR IN
THE HEART OF NEW YORK
...AND IT WILL BE OURS!



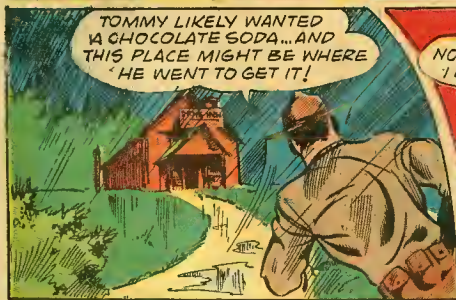
MEANWHILE...

HAVE YOU SEEN
YOUNG TOMMY
AROUND, SENTRY!

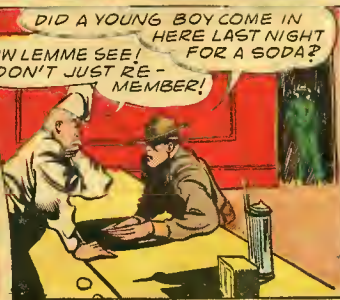
NO,
SIR!

GOOD!
IN DRAFTEE
UNIFORM PER-
HAPS YOU CAN
SOLVE THIS
TERRIBLE
MYSTERY!

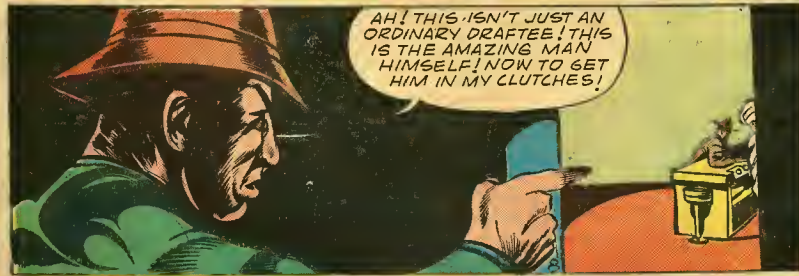
THE VULTURE MAY
KIDNAP ME AS HE
MUST HAVE THE OTHERS
... AND TOMMY! I WONDER
IF MY ARCH-ENEMY,
MR. QUE, IS BACK OF
THIS!



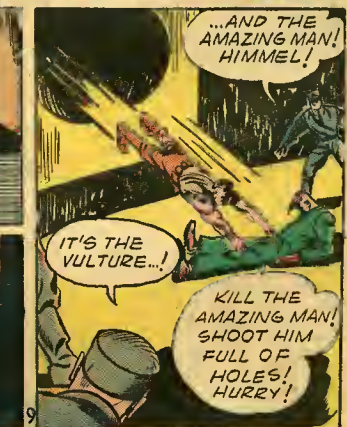
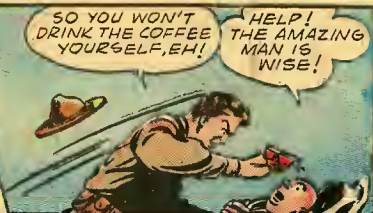
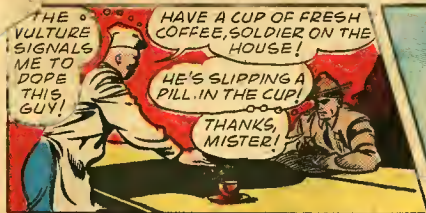
TOMMY LIKELY WANTED
A CHOCOLATE SODA... AND
THIS PLACE MIGHT BE WHERE
HE WENT TO GET IT!

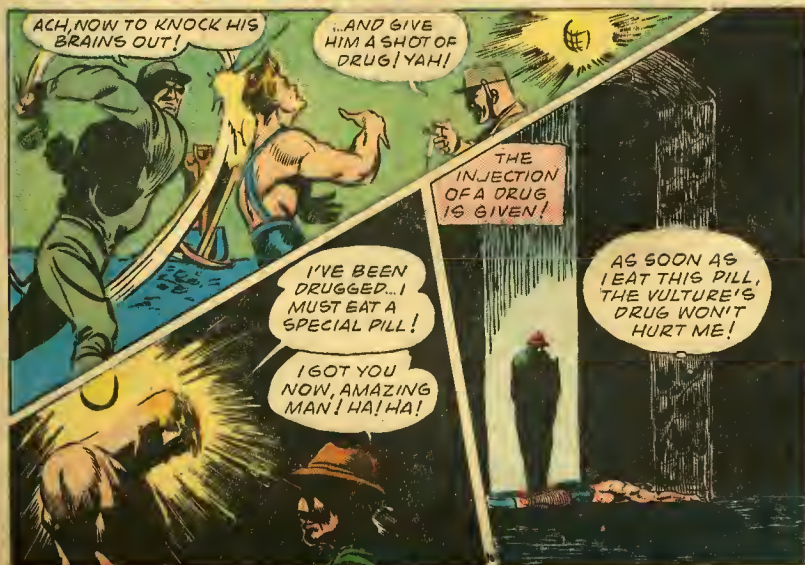


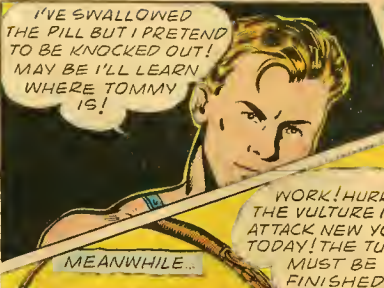
DID A YOUNG BOY COME IN
HERE LAST NIGHT
FOR A SODA?
NOW LEMME SEE!
I DON'T JUST RE-
MEMBER!



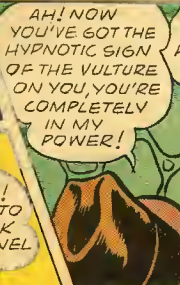
AH! THIS ISN'T JUST AN
ORDINARY DRAFTEE! THIS
IS THE AMAZING MAN
HIMSELF! NOW TO GET
HIM IN MY CLUTCHES!








I'VE SWALLOWED
THE PILL BUT I PRETEND
TO BE KNOCKED OUT!
MAY BE I'LL LEARN
WHERE TOMMY
IS!

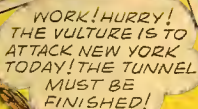


AH! NOW
YOU'VE GOT THE
HYPNOTIC SIGN
OF THE VULTURE
ON YOU, YOU'RE
COMPLETELY
IN MY
POWER!

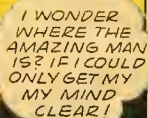


THE VULTURE DOESN'T
KNOW ABOUT THAT
PILL I TOOK! IT'LL KEEP
ME FREE OF ALL
HIS DRUGS!

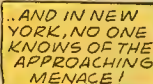
MEANWHILE...



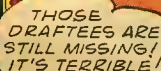
WORK! HURRY!
THE VULTURE IS TO
ATTACK NEW YORK
TODAY! THE TUNNEL
MUST BE
FINISHED!



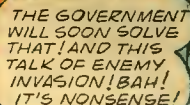
I WONDER
WHERE THE
AMAZING MAN
IS? IF I COULD
ONLY GET MY
MIND
CLEAR!



..AND IN NEW
YORK, NO ONE
KNOWS OF THE
APPROACHING
MENACE!

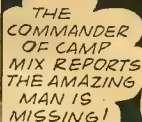


THOSE
DRAFTEES ARE
STILL MISSING!
IT'S TERRIBLE!

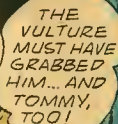


THE GOVERNMENT
WILL SOON SOLVE
THAT! AND THIS
TALK OF ENEMY
INVASION! BAH!
IT'S NONSENSE!

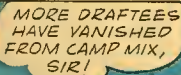
...BUT IN THE F.B.I. OFFICE...



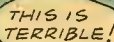
THE
COMMANDER
OF CAMP
MIX REPORTS
THE AMAZING
MAN IS
MISSING!



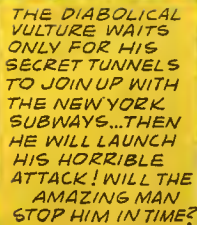
THE
VULTURE
MUST HAVE
GRABBED
HIM... AND
TOMMY,
TOO!



MORE DRAFTEES
HAVE VANISHED
FROM CAMP MIX,
SIR!



THIS IS
TERRIBLE!



THE DIABOLICAL
VULTURE WAITS
ONLY FOR HIS
SECRET TUNNELS
TO JOIN UP WITH
THE NEW YORK
SUBWAYS... THEN
HE WILL LAUNCH
HIS HORRIBLE
ATTACK! WILL THE
AMAZING MAN
STOP HIM IN TIME?

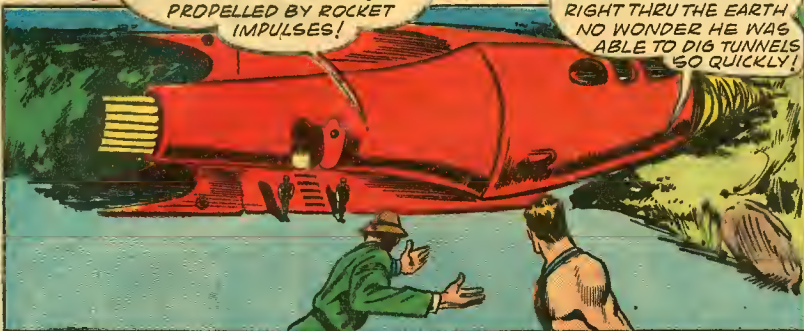
THE ENEMY
GETS
SUSPICIOUS...



I MUST STOP THE
VULTURE'S PLAN BEFORE
HE CAN INVADE NEW
YORK! BUT FIRST I
MUST FIND
TOMMY!

HE BZZZ BZZ...

HERE IS MY GREATEST
INVENTION! MY BURROWING
TANK IT CAN DRILL WITH TERRIFIC
SPEED THRU THE EARTH! IT IS
PROPELLED BY ROCKET
IMPULSES!



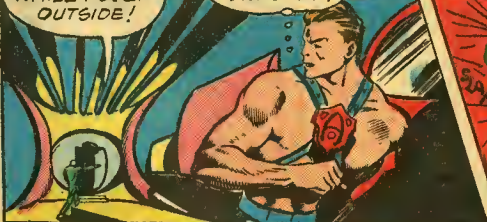
WE'LL FIX 'EM!
HAVE THE ROCKET
TANK READY!



HIS MACHINE IS
INCREDIBLE! AN ARMED
TANK THAT CAN SHOOT
RIGHT THRU THE EARTH
NO WONDER HE WAS
ABLE TO DIG TUNNELS
SO QUICKLY!

LOOK AROUND
THE CONTROL ROOM,
AMAZING MAN,
WHILE I STEP
OUTSIDE!

WONDER WHAT HE'S
UP TO... I'D BETTER
STILL ACT LIKE I'M
DRUGGED!



START THE ROCKET-
TANK GOING! THE AMAZING
MAN IS TRAPPED INSIDE!



THEY LOCKED
ME IN... STARTED
THE TANK... IT'S
TEARING STRAIGHT
THRU THE EARTH!
OH!

SHE'S
STARTED,
VULTURE!

THE
AMAZING
MAN'S IN
HER!

HE'LL
NEVER
GET OUT
ALIVE!



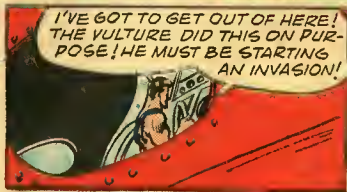
LIKE A
GIANT DRILL...

IT'S STREAKED
ABOVE GROUND! IF I
COULD ONLY STEER
IT!

IT'S THE END
OF THE WORLD!



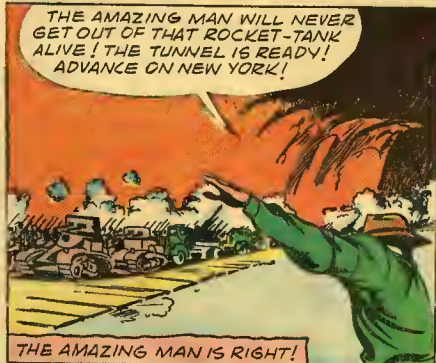
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
THE VULTURE DID THIS ON PUR-
POSE! HE MUST BE STARTING
AN INVASION!



I CAN'T
STOP THE
THING!



THE AMAZING MAN WILL NEVER
GET OUT OF THAT ROCKET-TANK
ALIVE! THE TUNNEL IS READY!
ADVANCE ON NEW YORK!



THE AMAZING MAN IS RIGHT!

NEW YORK WON'T
KNOW WHAT HIT IT! WE'LL
BURN IT DOWN AND KILL
EVERYBODY!



I STILL CAN'T THINK
CLEARLY! IF THE AMAZING
MAN WOULD ONLY
HELP ME!

THESE SLAVES OF
U.S. DRAFTEES HAVE
SERVED MY PURPOSE. NOW
A TIME BOMB WILL BE
LEFT HERE TO BLOW
THEM ALL UP!



THE FUSE IS LIT
ON THE BOMB! THE
EVIL VULTURE SPEEDS
TO JOIN HIS KILLER
SOLDIERS! A HORRIBLE
FATE FACES THE
HELPLESS DRAFTEES
AND THE UNSUSPECT-
ING NEW YORKERS
ALIKE! AND THE
ONLY MAN WHO CAN
SAVE THE SITUATION
IS THE
AMAZING MAN!!

MEANWHILE THE
AMAZING MAN...

I CAN STEER
THIS THING AT LAST,
AH! THAT HOLE'S WHERE
I CAME OUT OF THE
GROUND! NOW TO GET
BACK TO THE CAVE
FAST!

THERE'S TOMMY!
HE'S BEEN DOPED
WITH THAT
VULTURES
STAMP!

SWALLOW
ONE OF MY
SPECIAL PILLS
TOMMY! IT'LL
CLEAR YOUR
MIND!

YES,
AMAZING
MAN!

BACK AGAIN!
BUT THE VULTURES
TROOPS ARE GONE
AND ALL THE DRAF-
TEES ARE HERDED
IN THAT CASE!

THE VULTURE'S
ATTACKING NEW
YORK THRU
THAT TUNNEL!

OUR ONLY
CHANCE IS TO
GO AFTER THE
ENEMY IN THIS
ROCKET-TANK!
WE'LL RESCUE
THE DRAFTEES
LATER!

TOMMY'S SENSES
RETURN....

WE'VE CAUGHT
UP WITH THE
MAIN PARTY OF
THE ENEMY!

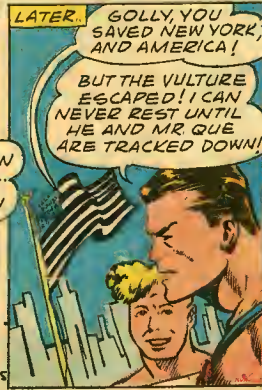
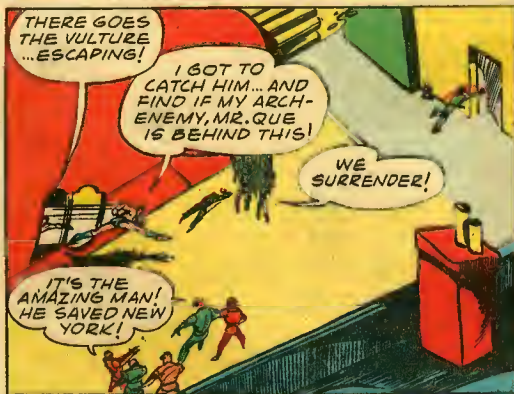
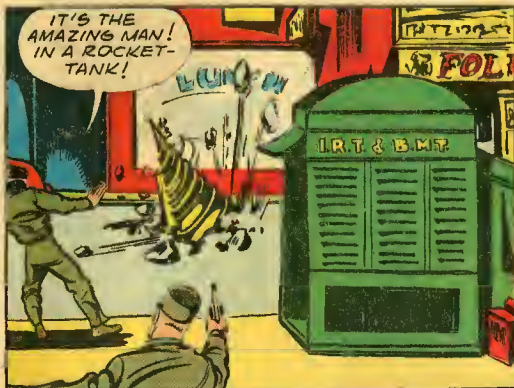
YES, BUT SOME
OF THEM HAVE
INVADED NEW
YORK!

IT'S AN
INVASION!

THEY
TOLD US
IT COULDN'T
HAPPEN!

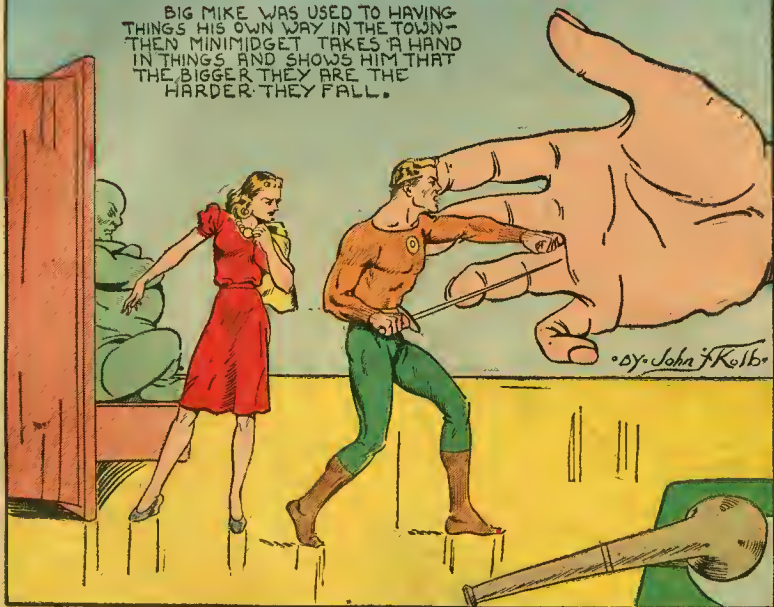
YOU BLIND
AMERICAN
FOOLS NOW
YOU DIE!

THE AMAZING MAN
STEERS THE TANK
DOWN THE INVASION
TUNNEL.....



MINIMIDGET

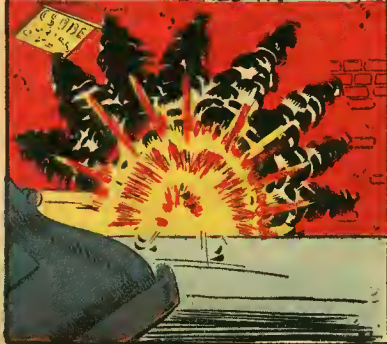
BIG MIKE WAS USED TO HAVING THINGS HIS OWN WAY IN THE TOWN— THEN MINIMIDGET TAKES A HAND IN THINGS AND SHOWS HIM THAT THE BIGGER THEY ARE THE HARDER THEY FALL.



A BIG BLACK CAR SPED BY A SMALL STORE ON A QUIET SIDE STREET.



THE BOMB HIT THE STORE FRONT AND WRECKED IT.



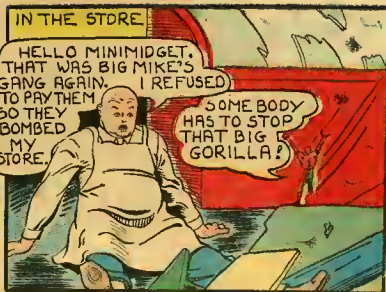
HE'LL PAY FOR PROTECTION
THE NEXT TIME! HA-HA--
THAT IS IF HE'S ALIVE!!



IN THE STORE

HELLO MINIMIDGET.
THAT WAS BIG MIKE'S
GANG AGAIN. I REFUSED
TO PAY THEM
SO THEY
BOMBED
MY
STORE.

SOME BODY
HAS TO STOP
THAT BIG
GORILLA!

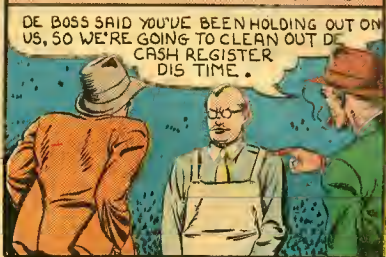


BIG MIKE MIGHT
HAVE THE HANDS
OF THE POLICE TIED
BY BRIBES, BUT
MINE ARE FREE
AND I'M GOING
TO USE THEM.



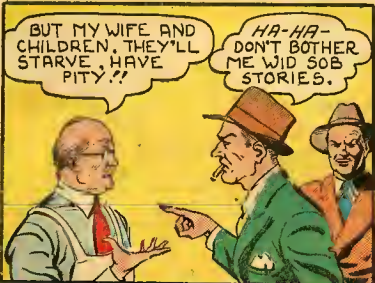
THE NEXT DAY IN ANOTHER STORE.

DE BOSS SAID YOU'VE BEEN HOLDING OUT ON
US, SO WE'RE GOING TO CLEAN OUT DE
CASH REGISTER
DIS TIME.

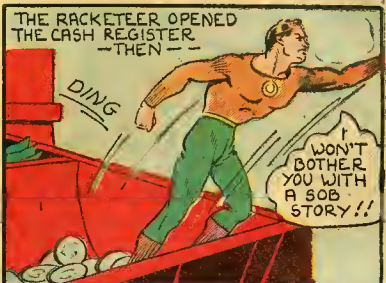


BUT MY WIFE AND
CHILDREN, THEY'LL
STARVE, HAVE
PITY!!

HA-HA-
DON'T BOTHER
ME WID SOB
STORIES.



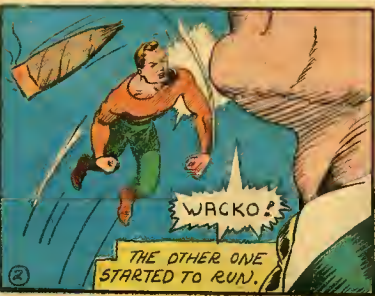
THE RACKETEER OPENED
THE CASH REGISTER
-- THEN --



I
WON'T
BOTHER
YOU WITH
A SOB
STORY!!

WACKO!

THE OTHER ONE
STARTED TO RUN.



YOU'RE NEXT!!



MINIMIDGET HIT HIM ON THE BACK
OF THE NECK AND SPUN HIM
THROUGH THE AIR.



IT LOOKS
LIKE A THREE
POINT LANDING
FOR HIM.

THEN— THREW THEM
BOTH OUT THE DOOR.



LATER— IN BIG MIKE'S OFFICE

WELL! WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOU TWO??
YOU LOOK AS IF A
TRAIN HAD HIT YOU.

WE ER—
THAT IS—



WE WERE
THROWN OUT
OF SCHADE'S
STORE.

YEAH!
THEY GANGED
UP ON US AND
THREW US
OUT.



O. K. WE'LL HAVE TO TEACH THEM
A LESSON. THROW A BOMB THROUGH
THE STORE WINDOW. I'LL GET THEM
LINED UP IF I
HAVE TO BLOW
ALL THEIR
STORES
SKY
HIGH!



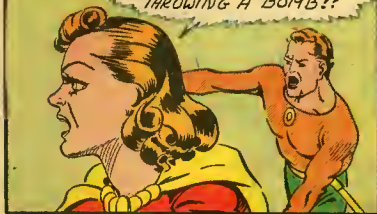
THEY'LL BE BACK!
BIG MIKE WILL
SEE TO THAT !!



MINIMIDGET EXPECTING MORE
TROUBLE. WAITS AT THE
STORE.

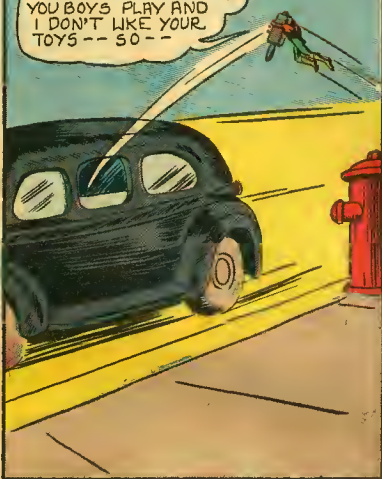
A HIGH POWERED CAR SPEEDS AROUND THE CORNER-- RITTY YELLS --

HERE THEY COME! THEY'RE THROWING A BOMB!!

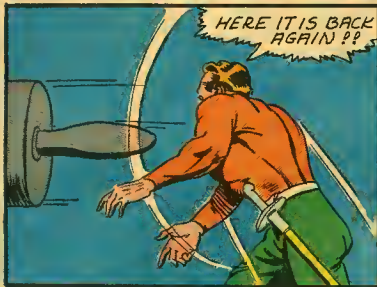


MINIMIDGET CAUGHT THE BOMB IN MID-AIR.

I DON'T LIKE THE WAY YOU BOYS PLAY AND I DON'T LIKE YOUR TOYS -- SO --



HERE IT IS BACK AGAIN??



WITH A ROAR THE BOMB EXPLODED, BLOWING THE CAR INTO THE AIR.



THEY'RE TRAPPED IN THE CAR. I CAN'T LET THEM BURN.



MINIMIDGET DRAGGED THEM FROM THE BURNING CAR TO SAFETY.

THE POLICE WILL TAKE CARE OF THEM.



THEY'RE ONLY SMALL FRY! I HAVE TO GET BIG MIKE BEFORE THAT GANG IS BUSTED UP.



LATER-IN BIG MIKE'S OFFICE

MIKE! HEY MIKE!
THERE'S TROUBLE. PETE AND
JOE WERE BLOWN UP. THEY'RE
IN THE HOSPITAL.

WHAT?

TOMORROW I'LL
MAKE THE ROUNDS MYSELF.
TELL MONK TO BE HERE
EARLY, WITH
THE CAR.

O. K.
BOSS.

THAT NIGHT MINIMIDGET
ENTERS MONK'S APART-
MENT.

AH! THERE'S WHAT I
WANT. HIS WALLET!

THE BEST WAY TO BREAK
UP A GANG
IS TO GET
THEM FIGHT-
ING AMONG-
THEM-
SELVES.

HE CARRIED THE WALLET
OVER TO BIG MIKE'S OFFICE.

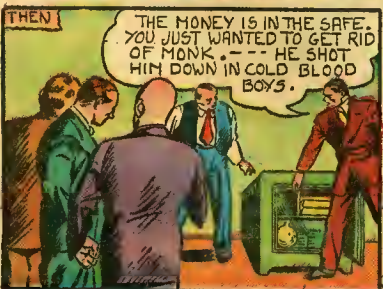
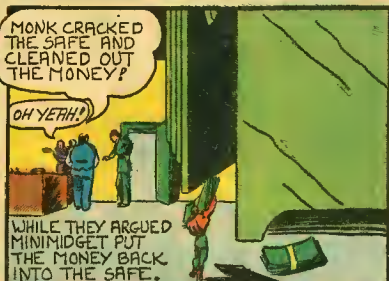
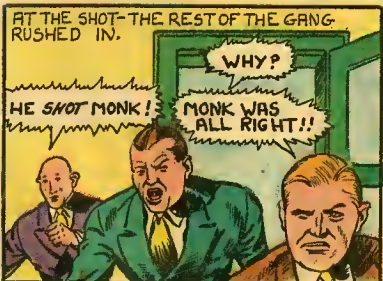
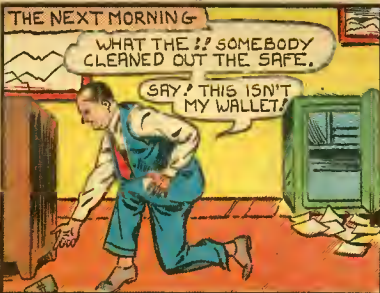
I'LL LEAVE IT HERE
BY THE DESK, WHERE
IT CAN BE FOUND
EASILY.

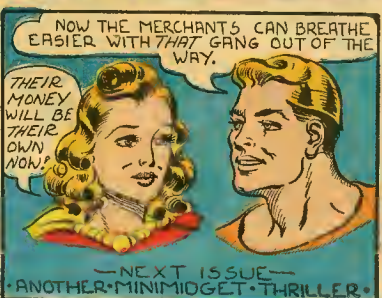
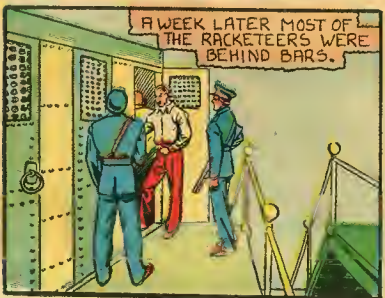
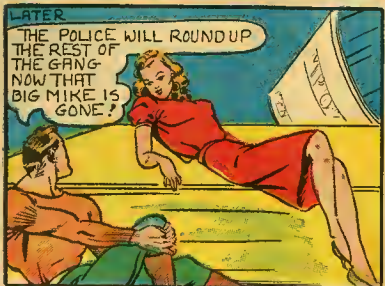
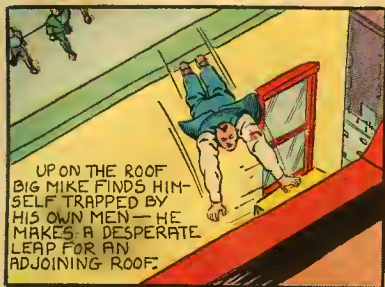
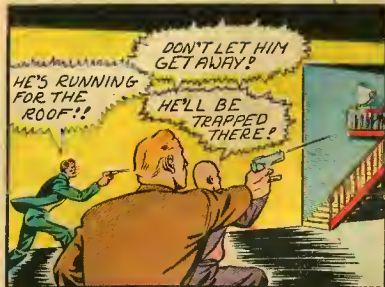
NOW COMES THE
HARD PART, TO
GET THIS SAFE
OPEN. I'LL HAVE
TO PILE SOME
BOOKS UP TO
THE DIAL.

A HALF HOUR LATER.

HAH! THERE IT IS!
THE TUMBLERS MOVED
THAT TIME. NOW, TO
SEE WHAT HE HAS
IN THIS STRONG BOX.

BOY! IF THIS TRICK
DON'T WORK, THESE
PAPERS WILL PUT
HIM BEHIND BARS
FOR LIFE, ANYWAY.
NOW TO HIDE THAT
MONEY UNDER THE
SAFE.

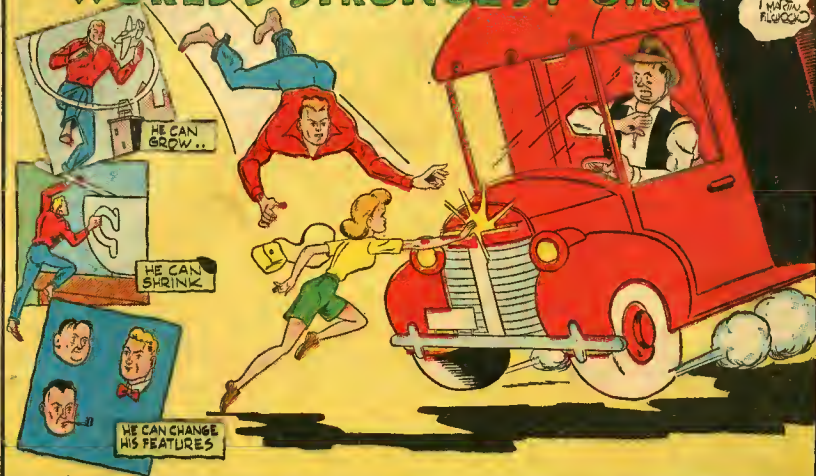




THE MIGHTY MAN

AND THE WORLD'S STRONGEST GIRL

by
MARTIN
FLEWOO



A HOMELESS PUP CAN BE SEEN STROLLING DOWN A STREET!



A FEW SECONDS LATER A TRUCK COMES TEARING DOWN THE SAME STREET!

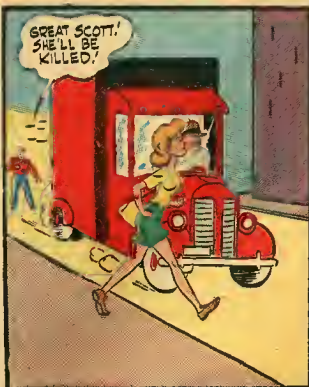


THE DRIVER SEES THE DOG! HE DELIBERATELY RUNS HIM DOWN!

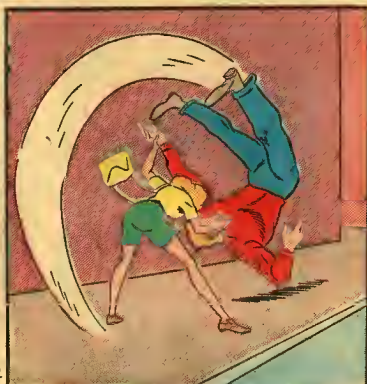


TWO PERSONS SEE THIS DASTARDLY ACT — THE MIGHTY MAN





THE MIGHTY MAN GETS THE SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE





DO YOU MIND IF I TURN ON MY FAVORITE CONCERT PROGRAMME

• IS THAT ALL? WHAT HAPPENED NEXT - HOW DID YOUR DAUGHTER BECOME ..

HAVE PATIENCE, LATER MY DAUGHTER RELATED HOW SHE BECAME LOST IN THE FOREST - HOPELESSLY LOST SHE FOUND SHELTER IN A CAVE A FEW MINUTES AFTER THE BLIZZARD STRUCK!

IN THIS CAVE SHE FOUND THIS OLD MAN - HE HAD LIVED HERE FOR CENTURIES - NEVER VENTURING OUT IN TO THE SUNLIGHT - AND WHILE THE BLIZZARD RAGED OUTSIDE THIS OLD MAN TAUGHT HER SECRETS OF ANOTHER WORLD!

WITH THE BLIZZARD GONE MY DAUGHTER WISHED TO COME HOME - AND ALTHO IT MEANT HIS DEATH HE BROUGHT HER TO US - YOU SEE THE SUN WAS HARMFUL TO HIM - HE PROBABLY WENT BACK TO THE CAVE AND DIED WITHIN A FEW DAYS ...



SUDDENLY THE ELDERLY LADY STOPS - A NEWS BULLETIN INTERRUPTS THE CONCERT MUSIC

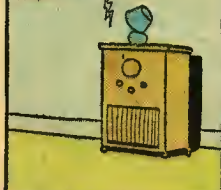
- MAJOR JONES HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED BY NAZI AGENTS AND IS BEING HELD IN THE OLD BOND WAREHOUSE! THE F.B.I. CAN'T CLOSE SAY - CAUSE THE NAZIS SAY THEY WILL KILL THE MAJOR AT THE FIRST ATTEMPT TO RESCUE HIM!

I WISH I WERE A MAN! O.. OH YES! LATER MY DAUGHTER TRIED TO LOCATE THE CAVE BUT WAS UNSUCCESSFUL! WE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT BECAME OF THE OLD MAN - YOU SEE WE'RE NEVER GOING BACK TO ALASKA!

AMAZING! IT'S POSSIBLE THAT HE WAS FROM ANOTHER PLANET! LISTEN!

AGAIN THE CONCERT MUSIC IS INTERRUPTED!

- A SPECIAL BULLETIN DIRECT FROM THE NAZI HIDEOUT AT THE BOND WAREHOUSE! A YOUNG LADY IN SHORTS HAS JUST BEEN SEEN ENTERING THE BUILDING! ALL EFFORTS TO CALL HER BACK WERE UNSUCCESSFUL - FEAR IS BEING FELT FOR ...



THAT'S HER! SAY - WHAT WHERE ARE YOU?



THE MIGHTY MAN WAS ON HIS WAY

SHE MIGHT NEED HELP!



OR MAYBE SHE'S WORKING WITH THE NAZIS



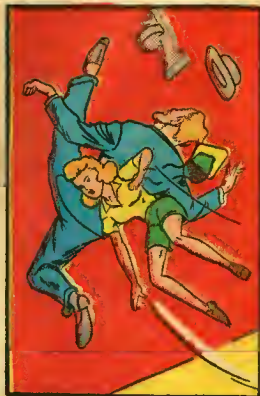
EITHER WAY SHE'S NOT GOING TO HAVE ALL THE FUN!

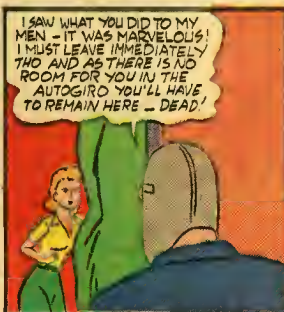
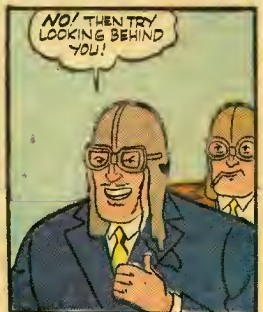
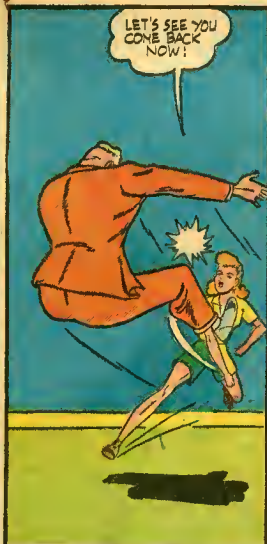




A FEW MINUTES LATER







THE CHIEF, WHO IS ONLY PARTLY STUNNED, REACHES FOR HIS GUN!

HE IS ABOUT TO SHOOT THE GIRL IN THE BACK WHEN THE MIGHTY MAN CONNECTS!

WHAT MADE HIM FALL LIKE THAT?

THE MAJOR IS IN ANOTHER ROOM. I'LL BETTER UNTIE HIM BEFORE SOME NATZI KILLS HIM!

IF A YOUNG LADY SHOULD ASK YOU WHO RELEASED YOU - DON'T TELL HER!

HOW CAN I - I DON'T KNOW!

OH! YOU'RE FREE - HOW DID YOU GET LOOSE!

I CAN'T TELL YOU - IT'S A MILITARY SECRET! (GOSH I WISH I KNEW MYSELF)

BUT THE MIGHTY MAN IS ALREADY ATTENDING TO THIS LITTLE TASK!

GOSH! BUT I'M NOT GOING TO ARGUE WITH YOU - I'M LEAVING! DON'T STAND THERE. GIVE A YELL FOR THE COPS!

YES MAM!

GEE THAT WAS FUN - BUT SO MYSTERIOUS - THINGS HAPPENED BACK THERE THAT ONLY MY GUARDIAN ANGEL COULD HAVE DONE! IF I HAD SUCH AN ANGEL I WISH HE'D GIVE ME A SIGN OF SOME KIND LIKE A SLAP FOR INSTANCE!

SMACK

DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE IT'S PACKED FULL OF THRILLS

LIFE AT ITS WORST by RAY HOULSHAM

"BUTCH! EITHER WE'RE COMIN' UP IN CHINATOWN OR WE DUG THIS TUNNEL TOO DEEP!!!"



"I TOLD YOU THAT CHEER-LEADING SECTION WAS TOO ENTERTAINING, COACH!!"



"TANKS, PAL-- HERE'S YOUR RECEIPT--WE'RE USIN' MORE BUSINESS-LIKE METHODS FROM NOW ON!"



"FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, MISS BROWN! QUICK! TURN OFF THAT MYSTERY PROGRAM!!!"

A Soldier's Courage

by ROBERT TURNER

THE corporal who was acting as guide on this Visitor's Day, moved away from the guardhouse with the guest he was showing around the camp.

"I didn't know they had prisons in these camps," the visitor exclaimed. She was a middle-aged school teacher and she clucked in amazement. "What did that fellow do? Why was he put in the—er—guardhouse?"

"No serious crime, ma'am," the corporal replied. "That's Chuck Connors. He's just plain mean and ornery. He didn't want to come into this man's army. When they drafted him he fought. Ever since they dragged him into camp he's made trouble. Last night he busted a couple of sergeants right out of the mess kitchen when they tried to make him peel potatoes."

THE elderly lady pursed her lips. "Some young men just aren't any good at all," she said definitely.

"I don't know," the corporal reflected aloud. "I think every one's got some good in 'em. Some of us just don't see things right for awhile, then we come around. Now you take that there Chuck. Big fellow he is, and nice guy when he's a mind to be. Comes the time he gets over this foolishness wouldn't be surprised to see him make a strapping good soldier!"

"I doubt it," said the lady, and they moved away to continue their sight seeing around the huge army camp.

Inside the guard house, Chuck Connors held his big shaggy head in his hands and for the hundredth time had a little argument with himself.

"Why don't you stop being a half-baked billy-goat?" one half of Chuck Connors argued. "This army life would be pretty swell if you'd let it. You get plenty good grub, good fun and recreation. And the training will be the best thing in the world for you. You're helping the country that's always treated you right, too. You'd enjoy this year you're going to put in, if you'd let yourself!"

"In a pig's shoulder," the other half of Connors argued back. "They have no right to take a man who has a good job for the first time in his life and yank him out and make him play hoy scout for twenty-one bucks a month. I'll be darned if I'll do it. They've got me here, but it won't do 'em any good. I'll fix 'em up. I couldn't fit into this life now, anyhow, even if I wanted to. The other guys wouldn't let me. They're all down on me, now. They hate me just like I hate this army business. I—"

SUDDENLY Chuck Connors' mental war broke up. He abruptly became aware of excitement raging outside the guardhouse. He got up and went to the finy barred window. Looking out he saw officers and soldiers rushing pell-mell about the camp. He saw a big billow of black smoke pouring from a building a short distance away. It was the ammunition depot on fire. Chuck grinned grimly.

"The heck with it," he told himself. "Good for them. Let the whole blamed camp blow up for all I care!"

Two soldiers running in opposite directions met and stopped under the guardhouse window. "What happened?" one of them said, puffing excitedly.

"The building where all the gun-powder and other ammunition is stored, is on fire!" the other one answered.

"Too bad. Should make quite a blaze."

"Blaze! Are you crazy! That thing will explode soon like all the fire-crackers in the world being set off! Not only that, but Colonel Barton's little boy, Bobby, the camp mascot is trapped in there?"

"Gosh! Can't they get him out? Why doesn't somebody—"

"They've tried. The Colonel is in town and hasn't got back yet. Several guys have tried to get in there and get the kid out before the place blows up, but they couldn't make it. Too much smoke. Can't get more than ten feet inside the door!"

CHUCK CONNORS heard the rest of it, but not too clearly. How the kid had somehow sneaked past the sentries, and accidentally set the place on fire. How he'd tripped and knocked his head, in his panic to get out of the building. But Chuck Connors was too busy with his own thoughts to get much of those details.

He was remembering little Bobby Barton, with his head full of yellow curls and an impish glint in his eyes, and the worshipful way he looked at all soldiers and called them "Buddy." Bobby Barton had been the one person in camp Chuck Connors had been nice to. Chuck had a kid brother about Bobby's age. He even looked like Bobby. Chuck was thinking, if that was Jimmy in there, if that was my brother Jimmy, in that smoke and with the building going to—

Chuck Connors wheeled from the window, leaped toward the door of the guardhouse. He pounded it with his fists, yelled to the guard nearby.

"Let me out of here! Let me out! I can get that kid out of there! Hurry! Every second counts. Please, please!"

THE guard came over. He talked with Chuck, as well as anyone can talk with a wild man. He tried to attract the attention of several officers rushing around nearby, and failed. Finally he pulled out his keys and opened the door.

"I shouldn't do this," he started to say. "If anything goes wrong, if—"

Chuck Connors slammed past him like a freed bull. He churned across the turf to the nearest of a row of tent barracks. He slammed into one of the tents and yanked a blanket off a bed. Outside again he lit out for a water faucet, drenched the blanket until it was a mass of sogginess.

THEN with the dripping chunk of wool covering spraying water he flew toward the munitions depot. He slammed through the crowd like a charging halfback. He reached the entrance as a group of officers were still adjusting gas-masks, getting ready for another try at entering the building.

Hands reached out and tried to stop Chuck, but he charged on, now shaking the blanket out, then throwing it completely over him as he entered the doorway through which smoke was pouring out in choking black clouds.

Like a cowed and rolled giant out of a nightmare, his great figure staggered through the thick stratas of blanketing smoke. Through room after room he reeled, coughing violently as fumes and smoke found its way under the protecting wet cover of wool that he wore. Flames licked angrily at him. A chunk of ceiling-timber crashed down across his back and shoulders. He sprawled on his face for a moment, then got up and staggered on. Once again a few minutes later he fell, but this time it was because he had tripped over a small, prostrate figure.

He picked up the unconscious boy, swayed and stumbled back the way he had come. Half conscious, all but suffocated, Chuck Connors didn't even know he was out of the burning building, weaving toward the watching crowd, when the blast came. He only knew that the world seemed to erupt right under his feet and that it got very dark then and that was all . . .

SEVERAL days later Chuck Connors sat up in his bed in the infirmary, listened to the nurse tell him that everything was all right, that both he and Bobby Barton had come out of it with only burns and bruises and a couple of cracked ribs. Then he saw the room full of flowers, baskets of fruits, smokes, candies, so many gifts that he couldn't count them.

He was munching an orange from one of the baskets when Colonel Barton, himself, came in to see him. The Colonel was blushing and there was a little moisture in his eyes. He said gruffly: "I'm going down to Washington, tomorrow, Connors. In—uh—view of everything, I'm going to see about getting you an honorable discharge. Since Army life doesn't—uh—seem to agree with you, and—"

Chuck Connors sat up. "Are you crazy?" he shouted. "Why when I get out of this bed I'm going to be the best darned soldier you ever had around here!" He stopped abruptly, reddened. "That is, if it's all right with—with everybody, sir?"

Colonel Barton came toward the bed, hand outstretched. Happiness now shone like a light through the wetness in his eyes.



The

KING

of DARKNESS

by
HARRY FRANCIS CAMPBELL
©

BRUCE KING,
YOUNG RADIO ENGINEER, STUMBLED ON A STRANGE
PHENOMENON WHILE WORKING
WITH ULTRA SHORT RADIO WAVES.

FIRST CAME A NEUTRALIZATION OF
HEAT WAVES - AND INTENSE COLD
RESULTED. THEN, ON A SHORTER
WAVE, COMPLETE, IMPENETRABLE
DARKNESS -

COMPLETELY NEUTRAL-
IZED LIGHT.

INSIDE HIS LABORATORY, BRUCE KING
FINISHES A PIECE OF APPARATUS -

I'LL CLOSE THIS
SWITCH, AND TEST
MY PORTABLE
**BLACK ZERO
TRANSMITTER!**



WELL, I'LL BE!
I'LL INTERVIEW
KING! A
DEATH RAY,
I'LL BET!



KING, CAN I QUOTE
YOU AS SAYING YOU
HAVE PERFECTED A
DEATH RAY?

YOU CAN **NOT!**
NOW, **SCRAM,**
I'M BUSY!



DAILY TAB
RADIO WIZARD
NOW DENIES PER-
FECTING DEATH RAY

IN A GREAT DICTATOR COUNTRY
ACROSS THE ATLANTIC -

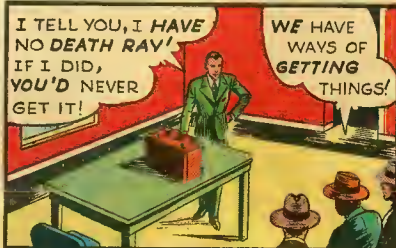
SO, A DEATH RAY!
CABLE AGENT
21 TO GET IT!



ORDERS FROM THE LEADER! WE ARE TO
GET KING'S DEATH RAY! COME!



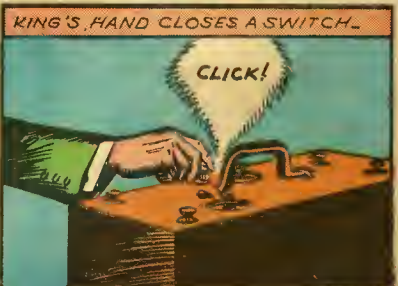
TEN MINUTES LATER.....



SO, AN HOUR LATER, 3 STEALTHY FIGURES
ADVANCE ON BRUCE KING'S HOME...

HIS CAR IS THERE!
HE'S HOME!

FOR THE
FATHERLAND
HANS!



AND A PILLAR OF BLACKNESS SHOOTS
HEAVENWARD!



INSIDE KING'S LABORATORY---

I'M BLIND!

I CAN'T SEE!

WHERE'S THE
DOOR.

YOU ASKED FOR
IT!

BY FEEL, KING PUTS ON A STRANGE
COLD RESISTING UNIFORM! SPECIAL
LENSES IN THE HELMET ALLOW HIM
TO SEE IN THE BLACKNESS.

EVERYTHING LOOKS BLUE,
BUT I CAN
SEE PERFECTLY,
NOW!

I TELL YOU, I'M
BLIND!



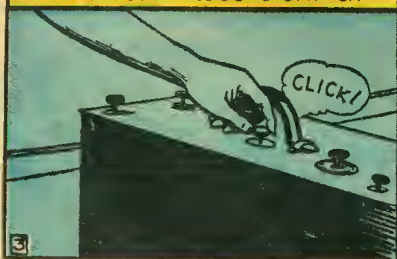
NOW, YOU FELLOWS,
DROP THOSE GUNS.

SHOOT AT
HIS VOICE!



KING CLOSES A SECOND SWITCH--

CLICK!



WE'LL STOP
THAT!



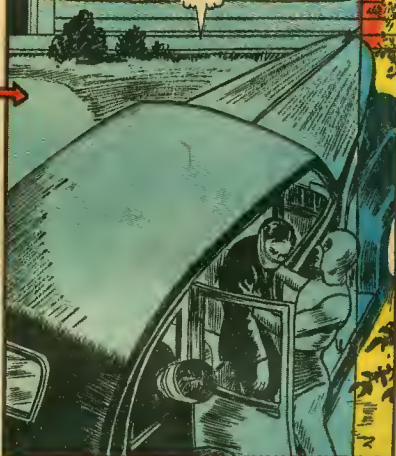
THE FOREIGN AGENTS FIRE BLINDLY--

BITTER, PARALYZING COLD FILLS THE ROOM, AND THE AGENTS DROP HELPLESS...



EXTENDING THE AREA OF DARKNESS, KING PUTS THE FOREIGN AGENTS IN HIS CAR, SECURELY BOUND...

I'LL TAKE THE PROJECTOR ALONG.

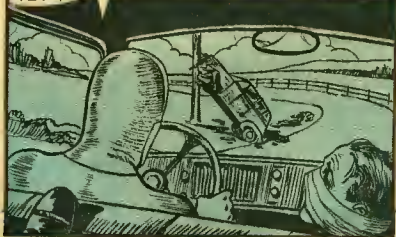


AND DRIVES TOWARD THE CITY...



AND I HAVEN'T TOUCHED A DRINK IN MONTHS.

I SEE I'M CAUSING QUITE A SENSATION!



FLASH! A QUEER PILLAR OF DARKNESS IS SPEEDING DOWN MARKET STREET!



UNDER COVER OF HIS BLACK ZERO, KING DEPOSITS THE BOUND AGENTS ON THE SIDEWALK!

I'LL JUST LEAVE A CALLING CARD!



AS KING DRIVES AWAY FROM THE
BOUND AGENTS, A SINISTER FIGURE
WATCHES THROUGH GLASSES.

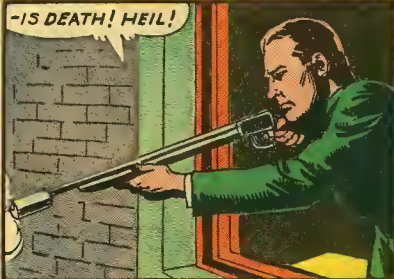
CARE-HANS AND FRITZ. THEY
HAVE FAILED!



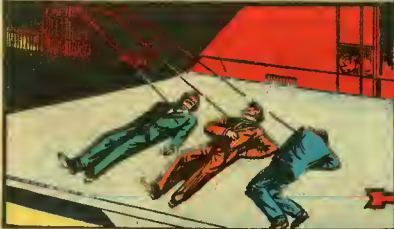
AND THE PENALTY FOR FAILURE...



-IS DEATH! HEIL!



THE SILENCED RIFLE COUGHS 3
TIMES, AND THE 3 AGENTS DIE.



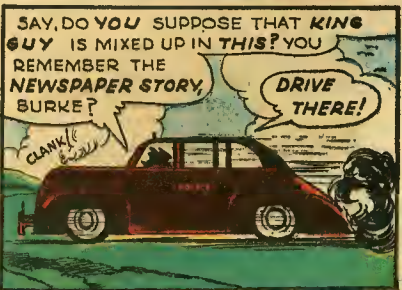
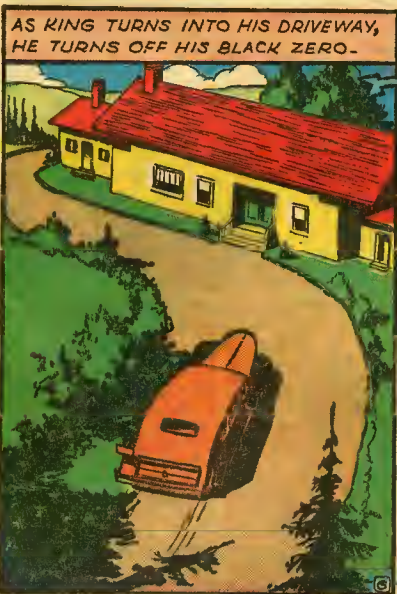
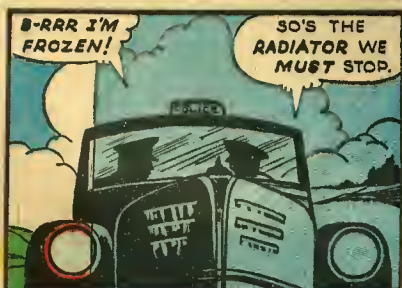
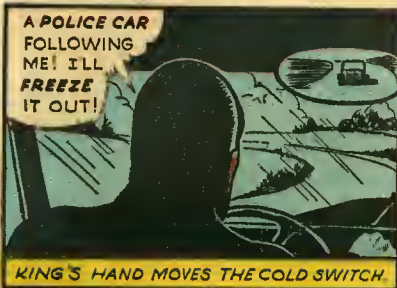
CALLING ALL CARS! FOLLOW THE
PILLAR OF DARKNESS! CODE 27*
MURDER, NOTHING! THOSE
GUYS WERE SHOT
AFTER HE-IT-
LEFT!
I SAW
IT!



*CODE 27 IS POLICE RADIO FOR MURDER.

A SIGN ON THEM-"COMPLIMENTS
OF THE KING OF DARKNESS,"
THE MURDERER!

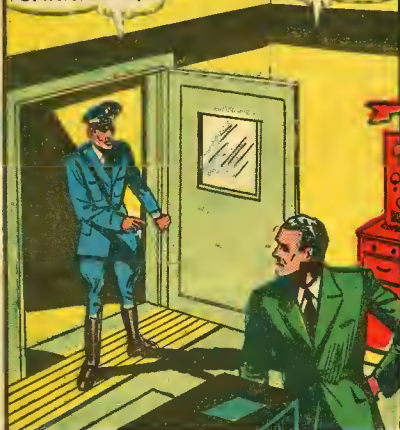




TEN MINUTES LATER, AT KING'S HOME.

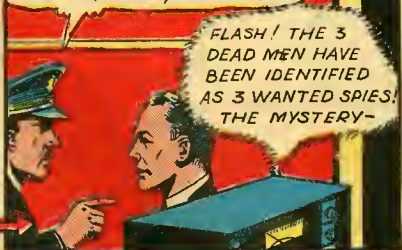
MR. KING I'M SERGT. BURKE! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS PILLAR OF DARKNESS?

SHOULD I KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT?



DON'T QUIBBLE, MR. KING! I-

FLASH! THE 3 DEAD MEN HAVE BEEN IDENTIFIED AS 3 WANTED SPIES! THE MYSTERY-



SO THAT'S THE STORY! WELL, VERMIN LIKE THAT ARE BETTER OFF DEAD!



RESULTS ARE WHAT COUNT! MAYBE YOU ARE KING OF DARKNESS. I DON'T CARE!

I MIGHT FIND OUT WHO HE IS!



I DON'T WANT TO KNOW! ALL I WANT IS YOUR -HIS- HELP SOMETIMES.

PROBABLY YOU'LL GET IT, BURKE!



PICK UP THIS KING OF DARKNESS! CITIZENS ARE NOT TO TAKE THE LAW INTO THEIR OWN HANDS!

OK, CHIEF! THE OLD FANATIC!



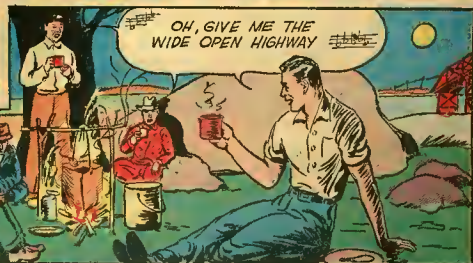
IN THE OFFICE OF THE POLICE COMMISSIONER.

INTO WHAT ADVENTURES DOES THE PARTNERSHIP OF
KING OF DARKNESS
AND
SERG. BURKE
LEAD?
SEE NEXT MONTH'S

HOBBO HARPER



JOHN HARPER, YOUNG MILLIONAIRE, SUDDENLY REPENTED OVER HIS LAZY MISSPENT YOUTH AND THE WAY IN WHICH HE SQUANDERED HALF HIS FORTUNE. SO HE GAVE THE BALANCE OF HIS MONEY TO A WORTHWHILE CHARITY NOW, AS "HOBBO" HARPER, JOHN LEADS A BAND OF OTHER "GENTLEMEN OF THE ROAD", SEEKING ADVENTURE AND RIGHTING ANY WRONGS THEY MAY RUN ACROSS



HOBBO HARPER AND HIS BAND MAKE CAMP JUST OUTSIDE A SMALL MIDWESTERN TOWN

HOBBO HARPER: 'SOMETHING CRAZY IS GOING ON DOWN IN THE WOODS!

WHY IT'S YOUNG BILLY BARTON! WHAT IS IT BILLY?



I SAW 'EM, I TELL YOU. A BUNCH OF MEN IN THE WOODS PAINTING A HORSE!

THAT'S A FUNNY THING TO BE DOING THIS TIME OF NIGHT! WE'LL HAVE TO LOOK INTO THAT.





BILLY, I'LL TAKE BALDY AND CRISCO, HERE, WITH US AND WE'LL GO LOOK INTO THIS HORSE PAINTING BUSINESS!

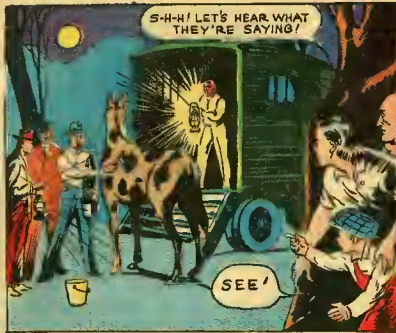
THE WAY THEY WERE ACTING KIND OF SNEAKY LOOKING-LIKE, THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG GOING ON

ONE OF THE MEN IS MILES MINTER, THE GAMBLER. HE'S THE GUY WHO OWNS OUR HOUSE AND THE HOMES OF LOTS OF OTHER POOR FOLKS IN OUR NEIGHBORHOOD. HE'S GOING TO PUT US ALL OUT NEXT WEEK IF WE DON'T AGREE TO PAY DOUBLE OUR RENT



SOUNDS LIKE A MIGHTY MEAN SCOUNDREL. MAYBE WE CAN TAKE CARE OF HIM FOR YOU, BILLY!

WE'D BETTER START TO GO MORE QUIETLY. THE PLACE WHERE I SAW THEM IS NOT VERY FAR FROM HERE



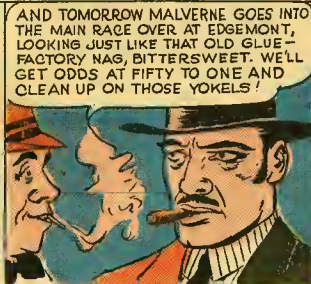
S-H-H! LET'S HEAR WHAT THEY'RE SAYING!

SEE!



WHEN HE GETS THROUGH PAINTING THOSE SPOTS NO ONE WILL KNOW THAT NAG IS MALVERNE THE FASTEST STAKE HORSE IN THE COUNTRY

YOU SAID IT, MR. MINTER, A PRETTY SMART TRICK!



AND TOMORROW MALVERNE GOES INTO THE MAIN RACE OVER AT EDMONT, LOOKING JUST LIKE THAT OLD GLUE-FACTORY NAG, BITTERSWEET. WE'LL GET ODDS AT FIFTY TO ONE AND CLEAN UP ON THOSE YOKELS!



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, BROTHER!

HOBO HARPER AND THE OTHERS THEN GO BACK TO CAMP

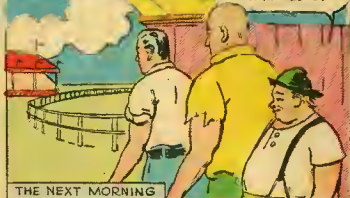


WELL, HERE WE ARE AT THE RACE TRACK BOYS!

GENE MONT PARK

NOW TO FIND THE STABLE THAT BITTERSWEET IS SUPPOSED TO BE IN

BUT WHERE IT IS REALLY MALVERNE PAINTED UP



FINDING THE RIGHT STABLE, HOBO, BALDY AND CRISCO ENTER

GOOD AFTERNOON, GENTLEMEN, IF ANY OF YOU ARE

WHAT ARE YOU TRAMPS DOING HERE? SCRAM!



DID YOU HEAR HIM CALL US TRAMPS, HOBO?

NOT YET BALDY! HE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO SPEAK FOR A MONTH IF YOU HIT HIM!



WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT? SPEAK UP! I'M BUSY!

I'LL SAY 'BUSY PUTTING A RINGER IN THE MAIN RACE TODAY' THAT HORSE OVER THERE, MINTER, IS NOT BITTERSWEET!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? I DON'T--

NEVER MIND THAT MINTER IF YOU DON'T STOP CRACKING DOWN ON THE POOR FOLKS WHO LIVE IN THOSE HOUSES YOU OWN I'LL EXPOSE THE WHOLE BUSINESS TODAY!

WHAT FANTASTIC TALK IS THAT? OF COURSE THAT HORSE IS BITTERSWEET! LOOK AT THE SPOTS ON HIM!



THE SPOTS ARE PAINTED ON.
THEY COME RIGHT OFF IF
YOU RUB HARD ENOUGH
WITH YOUR FINGER.
SEE?

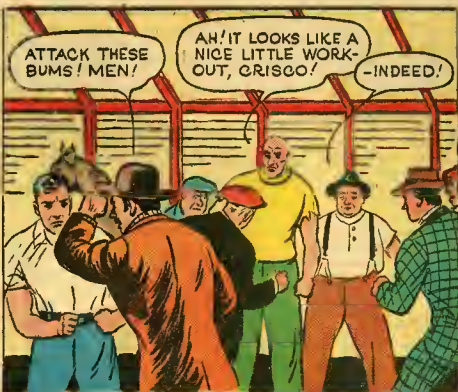
WHY, YOU NO-GOOD BUM!
GET AWAY FROM THAT HORSE!



ATTACK THESE
BUMS! MEN!

AH! IT LOOKS LIKE A
NICE LITTLE WORK-
OUT, CRISCO!

-INDEED!



I'LL TEACH YOU TO COME BUTT-
ING INTO MY BUSSINESS!

A LITTLE SLOW MY
MAN, A LITTLE SLOW!

I THINK YOU
MEANT TO
DO IT THIS
WAY!



THEN LIKE THIS!



TWO HEADS ARE BETTER
THAN ONE, EH, BOYS?



THIS IS GOING
TO BE GOOD!

COME ON! LET'S FINISH OFF
THE LITTLE FAT GUY!



BALDY IS ALSO DOING HIS PART---



THE REAL BITTER-SWEET IS HIDDEN AWAY IN AN OLD BARN JUST OUTSIDE THE PARK. DON'T LET THAT GIANT AT ME AGAIN

THAT'S JUST WHAT I WANTED TO KNOW! I FIGURED THEY HAD THE REAL OLD NAG AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE TO FOOL PEOPLE WATCHING THE MORNING WORKOUTS. DON'T LET MINTER KNOW WE HAVE THAT INFORMATION OR I'LL SIC BALDY ON YOU AGAIN!

I--I WON'T--ULP!-- SAY A WORD!

THEN HOBO HARPER AND HIS MEN HIDE NEAR THE STABLE FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER----

THERE THEY GO TO ENTER THEIR BETS ON THE BIG RACE HERE'S WHERE WE GET BUSY!



WHERE ARE WE GOING NOW, HOBO?

I ONCE DID A FAVOR FOR ONE OF THE GATEMEN AT THIS PLACE. I'M GOING TO GET HIM TO RETURN IT NOW



HOBO HARPER FINDS HIS FRIEND AND TELLS HIM HIS STORY. THEN---

SO THEY WERE GOING TO RUN A RINGER IN THE RACE, EH? SURE I'LL HELP YOU FIX EM, HOBO, YOU CAN DEPEND ON ME!

OKAY, THEN, WE'LL GET GOING!



YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE! THIS IS PRIVATE PROPERTY!

LET ME HAVE THIS ONE, HOBO



WE'RE GOING TO GET THE REAL BITTERSWEET AND PUT HIM IN THE RACE INSTEAD OF MALVERNE!

I GET IT, HOBO, THEN MINTER AND HIS BOYS WILL LOSE ALL THE MONEY THEY BET ON HER, EH?



---TCH-TCH! SUCH A ROUGHNECK!

GO TO IT, BALDY.



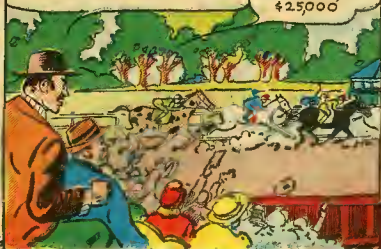
THIS POOR OLD FELLOW HASN'T A CHANCE OF WINNING THE RACE. MINTER MIGHT AS WELL KISS HIS MONEY GOODBYE, NOW!



HALF AN HOUR LATER THE RACE IS ON, AND---

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT HORSE? IT'S WAY BEHIND! WHY DOESN'T IT GET GOING?

-AND-AND ALL OUR MONEY RIDING ON IT, --- \$25,000



WHEN THE RACE IS OVER BITTERSWEET IS
IN SIXTH PLACE

I THOUGHT YOU SAID
WE COULDN'T LOSE,
MINTER! BAH!!

SOMETHING WENT WRONG,
I TELL YOU! LET'S GET
TO THE BARN AND SEE
WHAT HAPPENED!



MEANWHILE HOBO HARPER GATHERS A CROWD
AROUND HIM AND---

IF YOU WANT TO CATCH
A COUPLE OF CROOKS
WHO TRIED TO FIX THIS
RACE AND SPOIL YOUR
BETS, FOLLOW US!

SURE THING!
LEAD THE WAY!



HOBO HARPER LEADS THEM TO BITTERSWEET'S STABLE

SEE! MALVERNE IS STILL
HERE. SOMEONE
DOUBLEDROSSED US!

WHY THE DIRTY
CROOKS! GET EM!



WE'LL RUN THESE
GUYS RIGHT OUT
OF THE COUNTRY

WHAT SAY, BOYS, LET'S
GET BACK TO CAMP
FOR SOME GOOD OLD
MULLIGAN STEW



YOU SEE, CRISCO, GAM-
BLING NEVER PAYS!

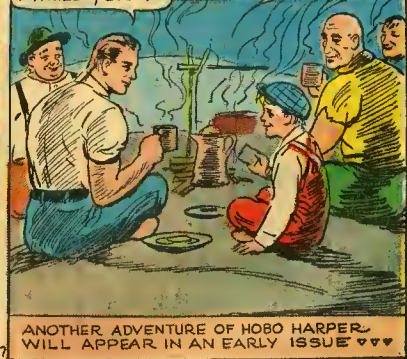
THAT CROWD IS SURE
PAYING OFF MINTER,
AND HIS GANG THOUGH!



THAT NIGHT

AND SO I DON'T THINK YOU
OR THE OTHER FOLKS IN YOUR
NEIGHBORHOOD WILL BE BO-
TERED BY MILES MINTER FOR
AWHILE, BILLY

-- GEE, HOBO
YOU SURE ARE
GOOD TO US
POOR FOLKS!



ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF HOBO HARPER
WILL APPEAR IN AN EARLY ISSUE ♡♡♡

PHIL AND BILL

"MONKEY BUSINESS"

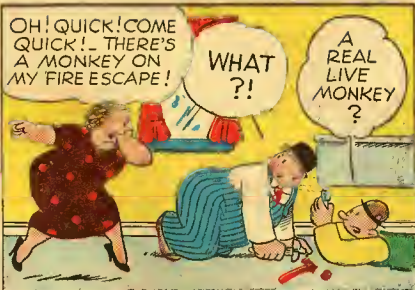
by
ART HELFANT



OH! QUICK! COME
QUICK! - THERE'S
A MONKEY ON
MY FIRE ESCAPE!

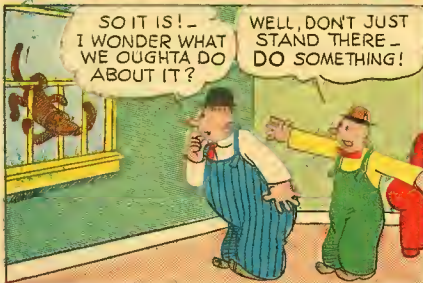
WHAT
?!

A
REAL
LIVE
MONKEY
?



SO IT IS! -
I WONDER WHAT
WE OUGHTA DO
ABOUT IT?

WELL, DON'T JUST
STAND THERE -
DO SOMETHING!



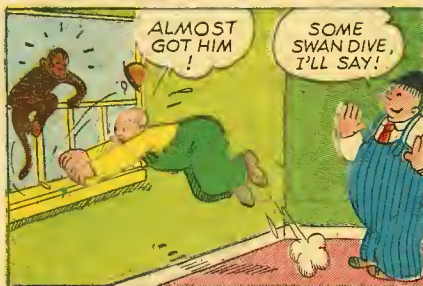
WHY DON'T YOU
DO SOMETHING -
IF YOU'RE NOT
AFRAID -

ME AFRAID OF A
TEENIE WEEENIE LITTLE
MONKEY? - HUH!
I'LL SHOW YA!



ALMOST
GOT HIM
!

SOME
SWAN DIVE,
I'LL SAY!



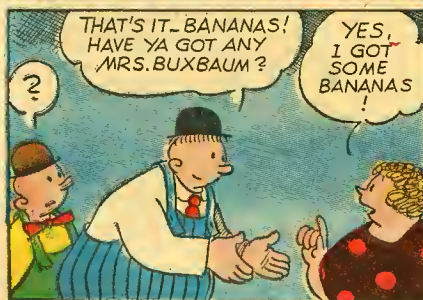
YOU'LL NEVER GET HIM
THAT WAY - NOW LET ME
SEE.. WHAT DO MONKEYS
LIKE BESIDES PEANUTS?..

BANANAS,
YOU SAP
!

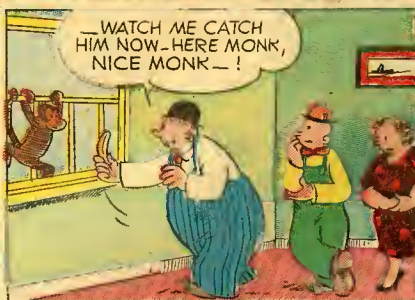


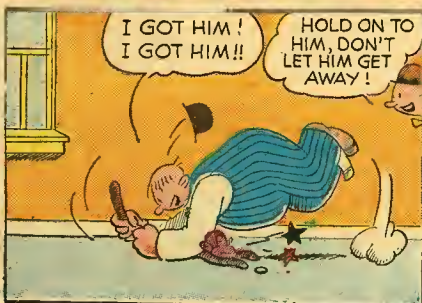
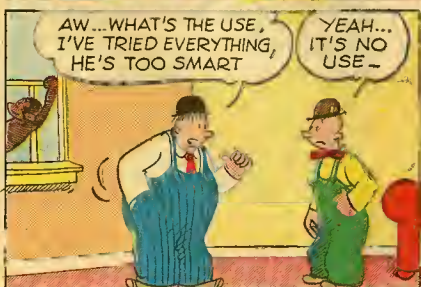
THAT'S IT - BANANAS!
HAVE YA GOT ANY
MRS. BUXBAUM?

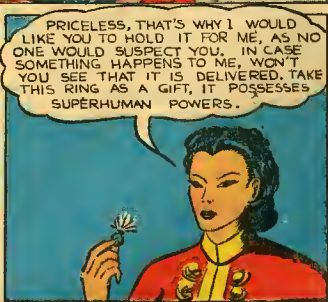
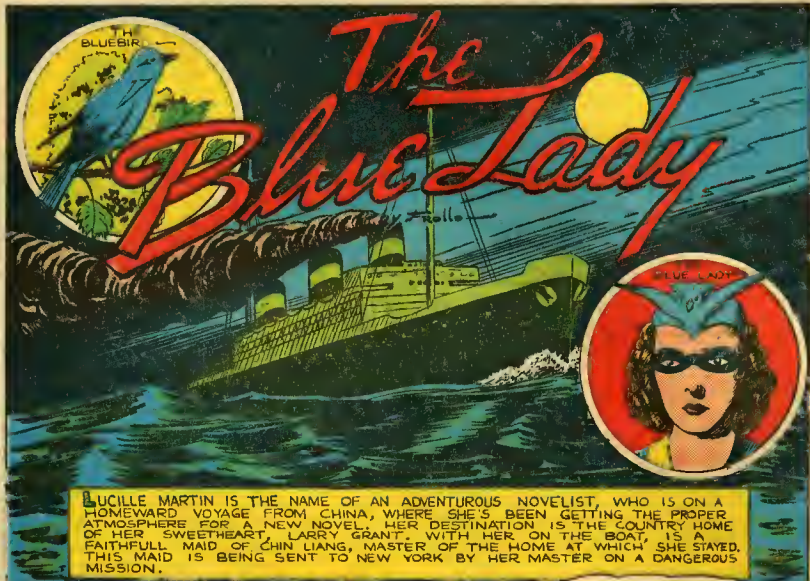
YES,
I GOT
SOME
BANANAS
!



__WATCH ME CATCH
HIM NOW - HERE MONK,
NICE MONK - !







ONE MOONLIT NIGHT, WALKING
ON THE DECK OF THE GREAT
OCEAN LINER ----



WASTE NO
TIME -- LET'S HAVE
THE IDOL!

HELP!

SO --- YOU
CALL FOR
HELP!



THE SILVERY FLASH OF A KNIFE
IS SEEN --- WE HEAR A GROAN ---

UGH!



SEARCH VELLV
CAREFULLY --- DON'T
OVERLOOK ANYTHING!

NO
LUCK
YET,
LEE!



LATE AFTERNOON OF THE
NEXT DAY, FINDS LUCILLE
WONDERING WHERE HER
COMPANION COULD BE, AS
SHE HASN'T SEEN HER
SINCE THE NIGHT BEFORE.

PERHAPS LOTUS
IS ILL!



--- AND THEN A SPLASH
IN THE WATER ---

WORRIED ABOUT WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED, LUCILLE HURRIES TO LOTUS' STATEROOM.



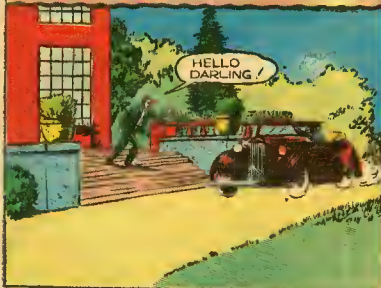
UPON ENTERING IT, SHE IS AWE STRUCK FOR THE MOMENT. IT SEEMS AS IF THE ROOM HAS BEEN RANSACKED.



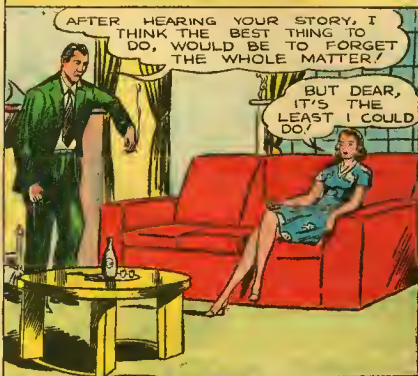
POOR LOTUS --- I BETTER GET OUT BEFORE I'M SEEN HERE!



UPON ARRIVING AT HER SWEETHEARTS RESIDENCE, LUCILLE IS GREETED BY LARRY.



DURING HER WEEK-END STAY, SHE RELATES TO LARRY HER ODD MISSION.

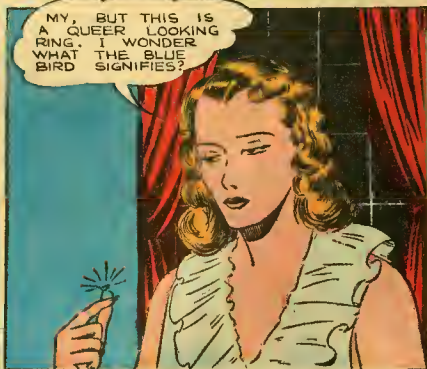


YOU KNOW LUCILLE, I'M GIVING YOU THIS ADVICE FOR YOUR OWN GOOD

WELL, I GUESS YOU KNOW BEST LARRY.



MY, BUT THIS IS A QUEER LOOKING RING. I WONDER WHAT THE BLUE BIRD SIGNIFIES?



WALKING ACROSS THE ROOM, LUCILLE STEPS ON THE RING SHE CARELESSLY DROPPED ON THE FLOOR AND BREAKS IT INTO BITS.



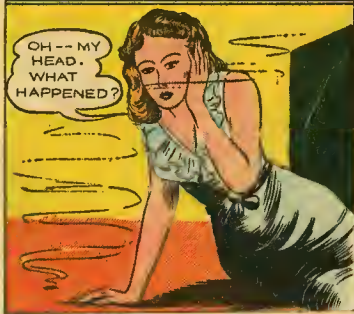
A GAS FILLS THE ROOM, LUCILLE COUGHS, CHOKES, AND FALLS----



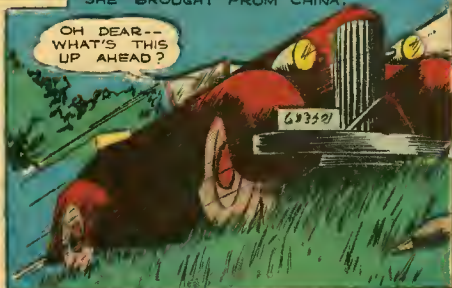
LATER SHE STIRS--

LATER THAT NIGHT WITHOUT LARRY KNOWING IT, LUCILLE HEADS FOR CHINATOWN WITH A CHINESE COSTUME SHE BROUGHT FROM CHINA.

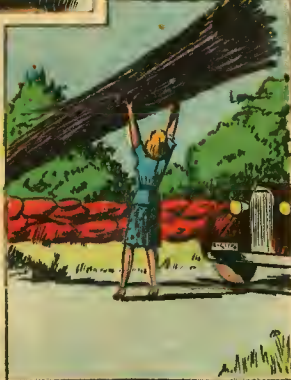
SEVERAL HOURS LATER LUCILLE AWAKENS AFTER BEING UNCONSCIOUS FROM THE GASSY CONTENT OF THE RING.



OH DEAR--
WHAT'S THIS
UP AHEAD?



LUCILLE APPROACHES THE TREE WITH PESSIMISTIC INTENTIONS OF MOVING IT.



GOOD GRIEF DID I LIFT THAT TREE ALONE?

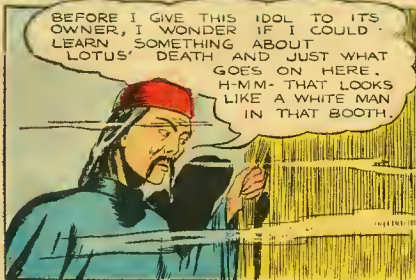


IN ORDER TO PROVE THE UNBELIEVABLE LUCILLE PICKS UP A ROCK OF CONSIDERABLE SIZE, WITH THE SAME EFFORT USED TO RAISE A FEATHER.....

JUST AS I THOUGHT, I HAVE GAINED THE SUPERHUMAN POWER THROUGH LOTUS' RING.



BEFORE I GIVE THIS IDOL TO ITS OWNER, I WONDER IF I COULD LEARN SOMETHING ABOUT LOTUS' DEATH AND JUST WHAT GOES ON HERE. H-MM- THAT LOOKS LIKE A WHITE MAN IN THAT BOOTH.



IN ORDER TO DO SOME SNOOPING LUCILLE GAINS ADMITTANCE TO THE DINGY CELLAR DEN THROUGH THE USE OF HER SOUVENIR COSTUME.

SO FAR NO TROUBLE. NOW TO FIND AN EMPTY BOOTH AND JUST WATCH.



SUDDENLY THERE IS A COMMOTION AND THE WHITE MAN FALLS DEAD TO THE FLOOR IN A POOL OF BLOOD.

HURRY TAKE ALL VALUABLES!



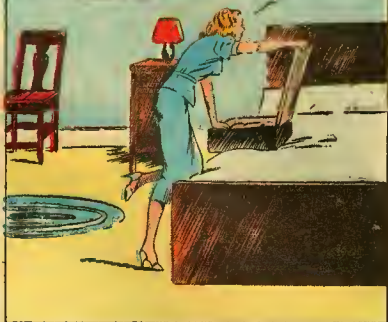
QUICK INTO THE WATER WITH HIM!



AT BREAKFAST — I SEE WHERE A BANKER'S BODY HAS BEEN FOUND FLOATING IN THE RIVER.--- H-M-M THE AUTOPSY SHOWED OPIUM WAS USED BEFORE HE WAS STABBED- I GUESS I GAVE YOU SOME GOOD ADVICE ABOUT CHINATOWN.



NOW TO MAKE A COSTUME TO FIT THE STRENGTH I HAVE GAINED THROUGH MY BLUE BIRD RING---



THAT NIGHT, FINDS THE BLUE LADY OCCUPYING THE SAME BOOTH, AS THE PROPRIETOR APPROACHES HER--



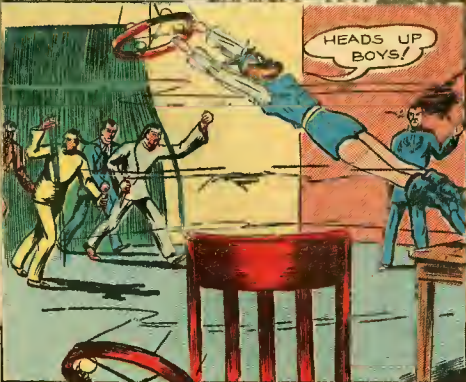
WITH THE STRENGTH OF A STRONG MAN THE BLUE LADY PUTS THE PROPRIETOR ASIDE VERY NEATLY.



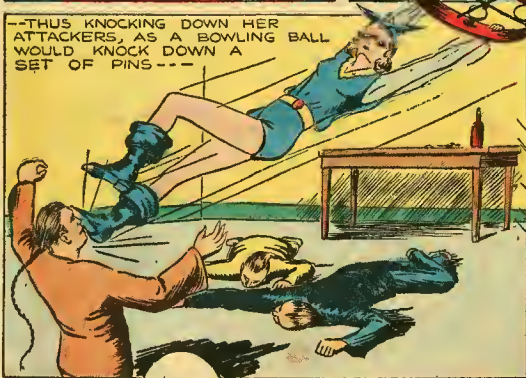
INSTANTLY THE OTHER
CHINAMEN CLOSE IN ON HER--



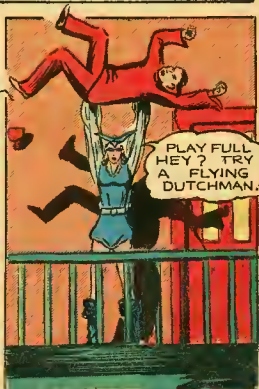
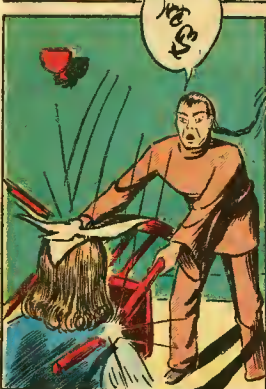
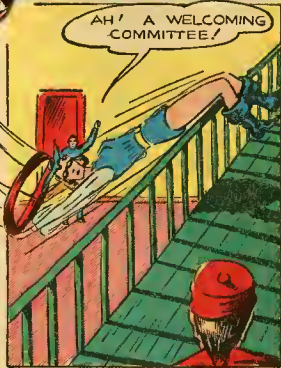
THE BLUE LADY GRABS THE CHANDELIER
AND SWINGS THE LENGTH OF THE ROOM--

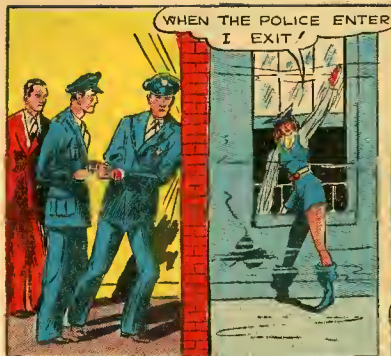


--THUS KNOCKING DOWN HER
ATTACKERS, AS A BOWLING BALL
WOULD KNOCK DOWN A
SET OF PINS--



AH! A WELCOMING
COMMITTEE!





WHEN THE POLICE ENTER
I EXIT!



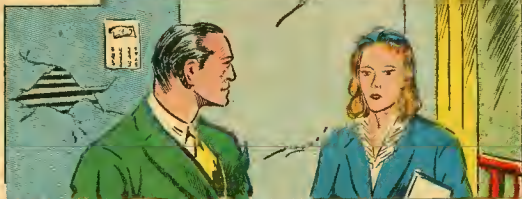
WHERE DID YOU
FIND HIM?

LYING ON A
BED IN THE
BACK ROOM!

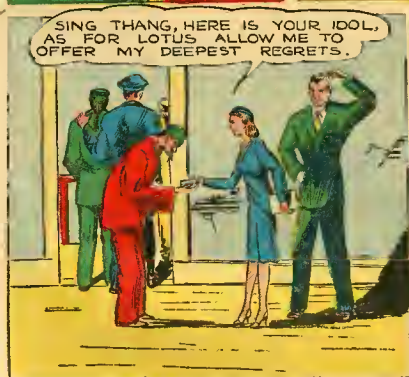
NOT FINDING YOU IN YOUR ROOM I
KNEW YOU'D BE HERE, SO PLAYING SAFE
I BROUGHT THE POLICE AND THANK
HEAVEN I GOT HERE AHEAD OF YOU!

IN THE MEANTIME DRESSED
IN ORDINARY STREET
CLOTHES LUCILLE
NONCHALANTLY WALKS IN
WITH HER PACKAGE.

WHY LARRY--
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
HERE?



I, SING THANG, WAS
TO RECEIVE A JADE IDOL
FROM ONE, LOTUS.
INTENDING TO DO ME
OUT OF THIS TREASURE,
THESE IMPOSTERS TIED
ME UP AND PUT ME
IN THE BACKROOM
OUT OF THE WAY,
UNTIL THE PRESENCE OF
A WOMAN CALLED THE
BLUE LADY UPSET THEIR
PLANS.



SING THANG, HERE IS YOUR IDOL,
AS FOR LOTUS ALLOW ME TO
OFFER MY DEEPEST REGRETS.

AT LAST
I HAVE THE
JADE IDOL--
NOW FOR
ITS CONTENT!



WHY IS THE JADE IDOL SO VALUABLE
THAT MEN WILL KILL TO POSSESS IT?
WHAT DOES IT CONTAIN? READ THE
NEXT ISSUE OF AMAZING MAN TO SEE WHAT
THE BLUE LADY WILL DO.

NIGHTSHADE



HOWARD HALL, WEALTHY YOUNG SCIENTIST WHO HAS LEARNED THE MYSTIC SECRETS OF THE EAST, HAS DISCOVERED HOW TO GIVE HIS SHADOW MATERIAL QUALITIES - AT WILL, HE BECOMES--NIGHTSHADE--SCOURGE OF THE UNDERWORLD! HE CONCEALS HIS IDENTITY WITH DARK GLASSES - HE ALWAYS WEARS A WHITE TUXEDO SUIT- HIS SHADOW IS A LIVING THING-- IT HEARS-- IT WHISPERS --IT ACTS! SUCH IS-- NIGHTSHADE-- NEMESIS OF GANGDOM!

HOWARD HALL IN HIS SUPER-CHARGED ROADSTER WITNESSES A SINISTER INCIDENT

SA-AY! WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?



WEARING HIS DARK GOGGLES, AND ATTACHING A SPECIAL FLASH LIGHT TO HIS LEG, HALL BECOMES--NIGHTSHADE--



THE POWERFUL FLASHLIGHT CREATES A GIGANTIC SHADOW! IT REACHES TO THE FLEEING CAR-

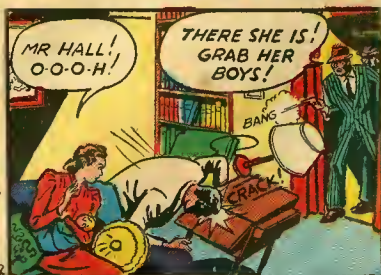
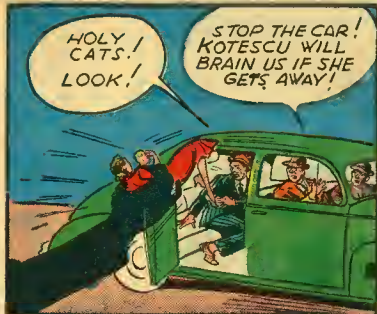
GUESS I'LL HAVE TO TAKE A HAND HERE!

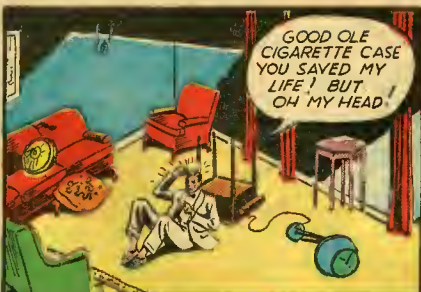


WHAT TH----? IT AIN'T POSSIBLE!

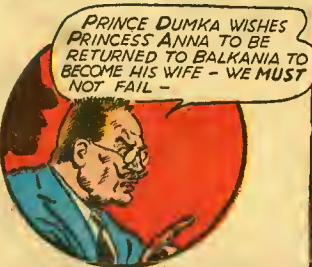
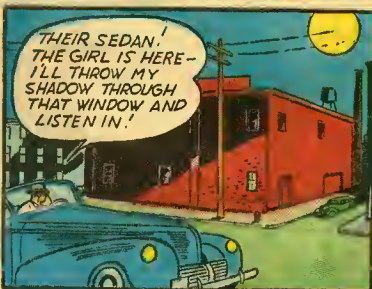
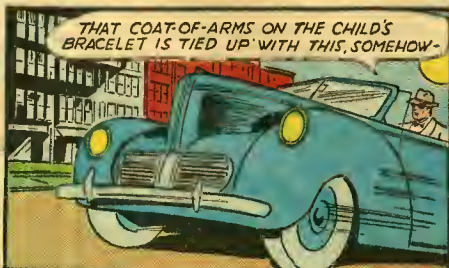
THAT SHADOW'S OPENIN' THE DOOR!

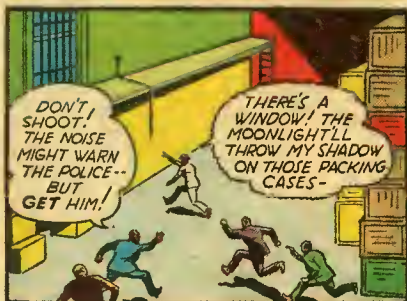


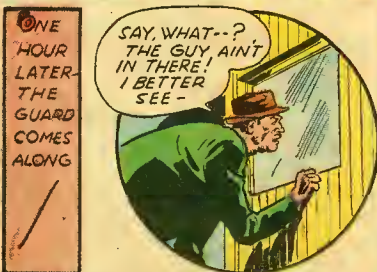
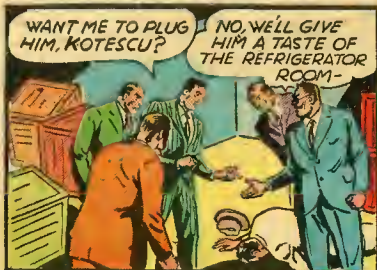




NIGHTSHADE ROARS AFTER THE FLEEING CROOKS-



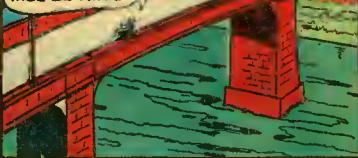




AS KOTESCU'S CAR SPEEDS FOR THE BOAT.

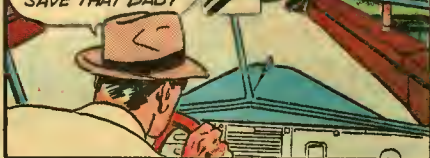
NOW THE CROWN PRINCE WILL BE LOST FOREVER! PRINCE DUMKA WILL BE KING -

KOTESCU- DONT! EEEEEEEK!



BUT THE SUPERCHARGED ROADSTER HAS NEARLY OVERTAKEN KOTESCU'S CAR!

WHY THE DIRTY---! HOLY MACKERAL, I MUST SAVE THAT BABY

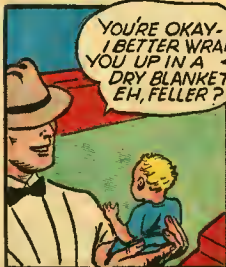


NIGHTSHADE THROWS HIS SHADOW ACROSS THE SWIRLING WATERS AND--

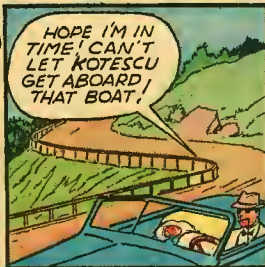
LUCKY I WAS IN TIME TO GRAB HIM BEFORE HE WENT UNDER!



YOU'RE OKAY- I BETTER WRAP YOU UP IN A DRY BLANKET, EH, FELLER?



HOPE I'M IN TIME! CAN'T LET KOTESCU GET ABOARD! THAT BOAT.



MEANWHILE, KOTESCU HAS MADE GOOD TIME AND----

FASTER! I MUST GET TO THAT SHIP!



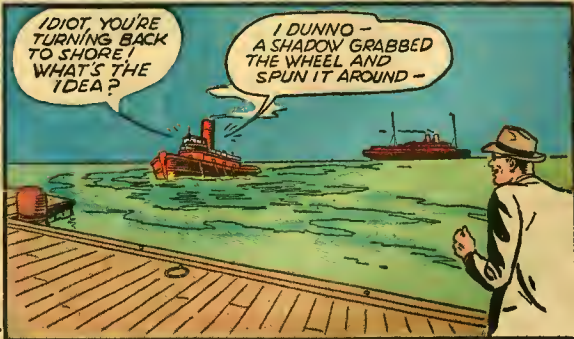
THE NIGHTSHADE GOES INTO ACTION-----

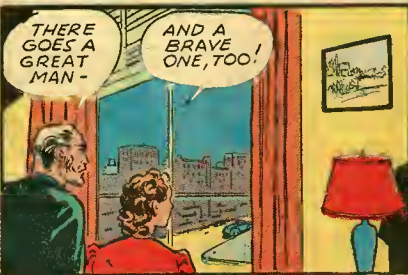
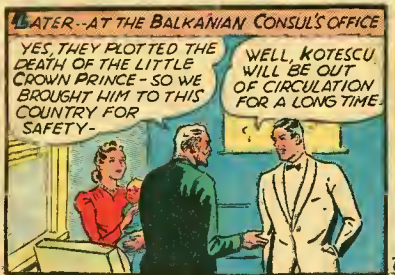
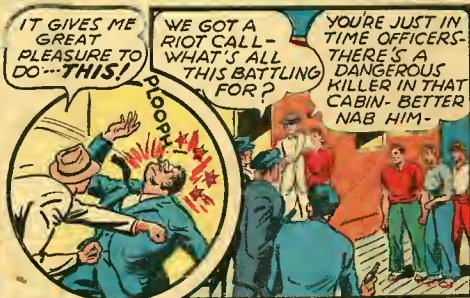
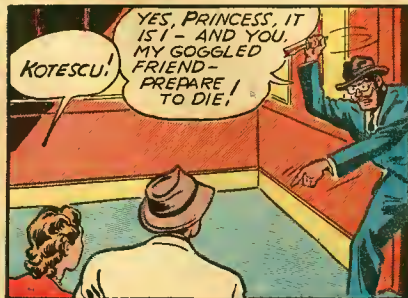
WELL---- SHIVER M'TIMBERS!



IDIOT, YOU'RE TURNING BACK TO SHORE! WHAT'S THE IDEA?

I DUNNO - A SHADOW GRABBED THE WHEEL AND SPUN IT AROUND -







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Stories/features:

1. *No title given or indexed*
2. *No title given or indexed*
3. *No title given or indexed*
4. *No title given or indexed*
5. A Soldier's Courage
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8. *No title given or indexed*
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Series info

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No title given or indexed

(Sequence 1 - Story , 15 pages

Feature Story: Aman the Amazing-Man

Credits:

? (Pencils), ? (Inks),

No title given or indexed

(Sequence 2 - Story , 7 pages

Feature Story: Minimidget

Credits:
John F. Kolb (Script),

Indexer notes:
meets world's strongest girl

No title given or indexed
(Sequence 3 - Story , 8 pages
Feature Story: Mighty Man

Credits:
Martin Filchok (Script), Martin Filchok (Pencils), Martin Filchok (Inks),

Indexer notes:
humor

No title given or indexed
(Sequence 4 , 1 page
Feature Story: Life At Its Worst

Credits:
Ray Houlihan (Pencils), Ray Houlihan (Inks),

Indexer notes:
humor

A Soldier's Courage
(Sequence 5 - text , 2 pages
Feature Story: text- A Soldier's Courage

Credits:
Robert Turner (Script),

Indexer notes:
costumed hero

No title given or indexed
(Sequence 6 - Story , 7 pages
Feature Story: King of Darkness

Credits:

Harry Francis Campbell (Script), Taylor (?) (Pencils), Taylor (?) (Inks),

Indexer notes:

former millionaire Harper gives away his money and becomes adventure-loving hobo

No title given or indexed

(Sequence 7 - Story , 7 pages

Feature Story: Hobo Harper

Credits:

? (Pencils), ? (Inks),

Indexer notes:

humor

No title given or indexed

(Sequence 8 - Story , 2 pages

Feature Story: Phil and Bill

Credits:

Art Helfant (Pencils), Art Helfant (Inks),

Indexer notes:

mysterious gas turns Lucille Martin into costumed super-heroine

No title given or indexed

(Sequence 9 - Story , 8 pages

Feature Story: "Blue Lady, The"

Credits:

Frank Frollo (Script), Frank Frollo (Pencils), Frank Frollo (Inks),

Indexer notes:

crimefighter Howard Hall is able to give his shadow physical powers

No title given or indexed

(Sequence 10 - Story , 7 pages

Feature Story: Nightshade

Credits:

? (Pencils), ? (Inks),

Indexer notes:

data from Jerry Bails index cards & Howard Keltner's Golden Age index

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